THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE WHIG FIREBUGS.

They Descend on Roscommon With Crowbar and Torch and Burn the Homes of Farmers Over Their Helpless Heads.

Superb Speech of John E. Redmond, the Parnellite Leader, in Denunciation of Mr. Morley's Broken Pledges.

Following is the full text of the speech dealing with the inhuman evictions on the De Freyne estate, recently delivered by John E. Redmond, M. P., at Freachpark, county Roscommon:

FELLOW-COUTRYMEN—We have been demanding from Mr. Moreley and the Liberal government the fultillment of their pledges on the question of the evicted tenats. They have pleaded for more time, but we say to them here today that if they are taking further time and postponing the introduction of the evicted tenants' question they must see that the number of evicted tenants is not increased, and that the houses of the people are not torn down. And if we find that either passively or actively the government are assisting the landlords in carrying out this devil's work. then we say that at any risk, or any sacritice, we will call upon the people to rally together (cheers), and to step in between the tenants and destruction. I am told that it is technically illegal in certain cases to put a roof over a family that is lying in the ditch-side. It has been held to be illegal in other cases of eviction to give even some bread to support the people who have taken possession of their homes; but I remember in the house of commous, when Mr. Morley was in opposition, when he was attacking the Tory government for their action in this country—I remember when he was challenged across the floor of the house of commons, whether he thought that the plan of campaign was illegal, his answer was in these words: "The plan of campaign may have been illegal, but I declare here that the moral guilt of the landlords who have evicted those tenants is far greater than the guilt of the people who have adopted the plan of campaign." (Cheers.) We appeal to Mr. Morley today in the spirit of his own words. It may be against the law to give shelter to those tenants. Whether it is against the law or not, we have done it, and we mean to do it (loud cheers), and we say that the guilt lies not merely upon the landlords who have evicted, but on the government who, after professions of friendship, are sendiug to prison men who have done nothing more than to endeavor to save poor men from starvation and destruction. I have made some investigations into the cases of these tenants, and find that, while the majority of the tenants on the De Freyne estate went into the Land courts and obtained judicial rents, the most of these people who have been now evicted did not go into the Land court at all. I have inquired into the reason, and I find that the reason is that they had hanging over their heads a load of back rent which they had no means of paying, and thus they were prevented from entering the Land court. I have in my possession some facts about one or two of these cases. They may be familiar to you, but they may not be familiar to those who, perhaps, may read what I say, tomorrow. I shall cite three cases. The first is the case of Charles McDermott. He owed six years' rent. He was processed, and had a decree issued against him for six years' rent. On the day of the eviction he offered between himself and a friend to give to the landlord, two years' rent down on the spot, together with the entire costs. That offer was refused. McDermott was thrown out from his house, which he had built himself twenty-two years ago, and which he had lived in all these times, and which he looked forward to spending his days in. Now, during these twenty-two years he paid his rent regularly, until it came to those six years in which the rent was not earned out of the soil. How did he get along then? He earned his money by toiling in England, and at the end of all, when broken in health, and after a life of toil, he found himself approaching his grave, he found that he had also fallen into arrears. He was willing to pay two years' rent out of the six, and costs, but his landlord, encouraged, no doubt, by what he believed to be the apathy of the people said "No," and the crowbar was put to the walls of the house which McDermott built, and he was thrown out on the roadside, and his rooftree is levelled.

Then forsooth, Mr. Morley steps in—Mr. Morley who speaks about the moral guilt of the landlords when the Plan of Campaign was in force—Mr. Morley not only surrounded these places by his police and refused to allow any man to provide shelter for the tenants evicted, but he actually once again enters on the evil course of all English governors in the past, and he is going to send brave, honest Irishmen to jail because they are determined to stand by these tenants. Now, I will take another case—the case of Mat Malone and Peter Hunt. I visited them today, and thanks be to God, and thanks be to John Fitzgibbon and Pat O'Brien, these two old men, whose story I will tell you, are today—instead of being in the ditch-side, under their roof-trees once more. These old men had a joint holding. They were decreed for four years' rent. Both of them have been on the soil for years. Both of them were in the habit of earning the rent in England. One of them is dying owing to his years of toil in Staffordshire. The other, too, is an old man, who when I saw him showed that the life was ebbing fast away from him, and with probably only a few hours between this world and the next. Just think of this—of two old men who are unable to earn any more rent for their landlord, who are, in expressive language, like sucked oranges, unable to ask their countrymen for help in their hour of trial. These old men offered to the agent all they had. Everything they had they offered to the agent; but no, Lord DeFreyne thought the time had come for making examples of this kind on the De Freyne estate.

Now, the third case which I mention is the case of Lisacul. His roof-tree also has been levelled, and for some time he and his family have had no shelter from the cold. In his case I am told that some seven years' rent was owing—no doubt a large sum—but on the day of this action he offered to the landlord in hard cash two years' rent. I know not where he got it. It is to my mind an amazing fact that he was able to make such an offer, and when we have the fact that such an offer was made and refused and coupled with the fact that not merely were the houses thrown down but that the houses were burned under the direction of the police, it is all the more amazing. These houses were burned under the direction of Mr. Morley's police.

When I say that I say that Mr. Morley stands arraigned today before public opinion, and if he desires to sustain his character either as an honorable man or a friend of Ireland, he should be bound to say that he will not use such influences as he has used against those poor men in the future. Now, fellow-countrymen, how does this matter stand with reference to the Liberal government? You were told that once Mr. Parnell was got rid of it was made certain that home rule was sure under Gladstone and the Liberals when they came back to power again. They promised, not merely that we were to get home rule, but that we were to see the evicted tenants restored to their holdings. We know that Mr. Shaw Lefevre, who is now a member of the cabinet, said here in Ireland, talking to the evicted tenants in Galway: "There cannot be a doubt that within one month after the victory of the Liberal party at the polls, every emergencyman will have fled, and every bogus tenant will have resolved himself into his original elements." I do not see how these large promises are going to be carried out. Yes, fair as have been the promises of Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Morley and Mr. Gladstone, during the present year they have not restored a single evicted tenant to his home. They have made not the slightest offer to do so, and they have postponed the question until next year. In the meantime the government is actually lending its police to increase the number of evicted tenants.

I would refer you to a case exactly in point with these De Freyne evictions which took place in 1877. At that time certain evictions took place at Glenbeigh, in the county Kerry. They were cases very much like what we went to see today. They were cases in which the land lords not only evicted, but threw down their houses, and I remember when the whole of England was made to ring with denunciations of Balfour—Bloody Balfour, as he used to be called, because he and Lord Salisbury allowed these evictions to take place. In January, 1887, at a public meeting held in Cardiff, at which a prominent Liberal, Sir Edward Reed, was in the chair, and where Mr. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade, and Sir Walter Forster were in attendance, the following resolution was passed, and I would suggest to this meeting that it should adopt this resolution as follows, with the necessary alterations. The resolution reads: "That this meeting records its intense indignation at the inhuman conduct of the Irish landlords who have carried out the barbarous evictions in Kerry, and call upon the government to cease rendering assistance to the perpetrators of these atrocities, and that copies of this resolution be forwarded by the chairman, to Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Lord Salisbury." I suggest to you that you should carry this resolution with the necessary amendments. These evictions, which we have met here today to denounce, have created a great sensation throughout the country, and I am sure will inspire a feeling of the utmost horror in the breasts of my fellow-countrymen. Every word of this resolution I have mentioned, and every word of these speeches I have referred to, is bound to be quoted on one side or the other. I today call upon Mr. Mundella and Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Sir Walter Forster to carry out the spirit of their own declarations and not allow the forces of the crown to be used this winter in putting the people out on the roadside—those poor people who are unable to pay rent. I would address a word of warning to the government.

This devil's work which has taken place on the De Freyne estate may lead to a continuance of all the disturbance and violence in Ireland which occurred in the past. Ireland is peaceful today, and I rejoice that she is peaceful, but this devil's work of eviction spreads like wildfire, and if it were not that the De Freyne tenants have made a good and a bold stand you would find many other landlords following his example. Whether it is illegal for you to give shelter to the evicted tenants in the ditch-side or not is a legal question, but whether or not it is a legal question it is your duty to do it. But there is something more than giving shelter to the evicted. It is your duty to see that the land from which any tenant is evicted is left severely alone. Once these farms are grabbed then the humiliation and the destruction of the tenant is complete. But if, on the other hand, they are left desolate, then Lord De Freyne could not easily understand how his game can be played. Now, gentlemen, I have detained you too long. All I ask of you to do is to cherish some of the lessons taught to you by the great Irishman, now in his grave. Remember his teaching when he said, "Keep a firm grip of your holdings." Refuse to take the land from which any tenant has been unjustly evicted; stand by the side of the victims of landlordism, and, believe me, if you do, the day will be hastened enormously when not only the tenants will be secured in the possession of the land which was their fathers, but that in the days to come those who will come after them, under, it is to be hoped, Irish rule will go on prospering and still going on to prosper (loud cheers).

CRITICISING BARRY.

Father O'Mahony and Mr. Considine Have Their Say About the Recent Letter of a Correspondent.

FATHER O'MAHONY'S LETTER.

[To the Editor.]

Under the above caption in your issue of Nov. 25, appears a letter from Michael H. Barry advising Irishmen to support the Redmondite policy. Some equally wise politician may now come forward with an advice to support the McCarthyites. Which are we to choose? I say both of them be politically hanged!!! Every member of the British parliament takes a solemn oath to uphold the British constitution; the leading men of both Irish parties are doubly sworn to loyalty, because they are practicing lawyers. Therefore as long as Mr. Barry follows either party there is no need to risk his life.

"The Irishman who thinks England will grant home rule without fighting for it is a fool. It must be fought at the polls and on the floor of the house." What a noble battleground? It reminds me of the song "W(h)igs on the Green." No sir, Ireland's battle must be fought at the point of the boyonet, for if WIND could free it the beastly bellowings of Irish M.P's, on the hustings and in the house should have done ft lone ago. I appeal to all readers of THE CITIZEN, and every one who loves Mother Ireland, to organize in arms for the expulsion of the burglarizinfi and murdering English domination out of Erin's lovely isle.

BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY.
Pastor.

Piper City, Ill., Nov. 27, '93.

MR. CONSIDINE'S LETTER.

[To the Editor.]

Last Saturday's issue of your paper contains a wail nigh on two columns long from the pen of Mr. M. H. Barry on the much mooted aspect of the Irish situation presently. I often wonder why such people don't mind their own business when they have but a superficial knowledge of what they are speaking about. Mr. Barry's note is an insult to every Irish constituency represented by a McCarthyite, and that means seven-eighths of the national constituencies. He would have us believe the people are unfit to cast a ballot. No wonder the Tories say the Irish are unfit to govern themselves when such men as Mr. Barry so proclaim themselves. He talks about forcing Gladstone, and that the present Home Rule bill is not as good as that of 1886. Right here let me say I have no love for anything or anyone British, having been schooled in Parnellite physical force—Clare; but what can you do by force? The lords block Gladstone, and there is now no progress to be had for Irish legislation without an appeal to the country, and we know what that would mean—a taste of Salisbury's "twenty years of resolute government." J. J. O'Kelly, perhaps the leading Parnellite after Redmond, admits this bill is considerably ahead of that of 1886. The people have approved of the treatment of Parnell, the majority rules, and we must be content even though we have something of a minority to contend against. I have hope in the competency of the Irish people, through their leaders, to work out their own salvation, but whether McCarthyites or Parnellites they cannot do it all at once.

T. E. CONSIDINE.

OBITUARY.

CONSTANTINE N. MAGUIRE.

THE CITIZEN regrets to have to record the death of Mr. Constantine N. Maguire, which took place last week in Boston. The deceased, who was a native of Roscommon, and son-in-law of Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam, of South Boston, was one of the leading members of the Irish-American Club, and an Irish patriot who adhered unflinchingly to the old faith in the cause of Irish nationality. He was a member of the firm of Maguire & Hughes, and in his commercial pursuits was a pronounced success. Personally popular, and gifted with a kindly Celtic geniality, he won the esteem and respect of hosts of friends, the most of whom accompanied his remains to Calvary cemetery last Friday week, among them being Dr. Lane, Messrs. Foley, Harding, Scannell, Dyer, Bardan, Hughes, Davis and others. The deceased, who was only 32 years of age, leaves a young widow and child to mourn his loss. R. I. P.

IN MEMORIAM.

St. Thomas Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, passed the following retolutions in memory of the late Richard Dumphy at the regular meeting held on the evening of the 25th inst.:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved brother, Richard Dumphy, a member of St. Thomas Court, No. 15, C.O.F.; and while bowing in submission to the will of Divine Providence, it is but natural that we should mourn nis loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That St. Thomas Court extend to his bereaved widow their heartfelt sympathy; also that a copy of these resolution be sent to the widow of our deceased brother, and to THE CITIZEN, the *New World*, and the *Catholic Forester*.

The committee on resolutions were John T. Keating, D. Gleeson, and John Mott.

SAVED HIS SCALP.

How an Army Officer in Deadly Peril, by a Bold Ruse de Guerre, Baffled the Comanches Who Were Preparing to Roast Him Alive.

One of the Most Thrilling Experiences of Military Life on the Wild Western Frontier.

One night recently, while temporarily within the limits of one of our military posts on the Northwestern frontier, I sought at the same time diversion of mind and shelter from the raging storm in the officers' club room. As I closed the door and pulled the visor of my fur cap from over my eyes, I could see distinctly through the tobacco smoke with which the room was filled, a little group of officers seated around the almost red-hot stove. A student of human nature could have found much to interest him in the faces of these men varying in years and experience in the service, from the gray-haired veteran of two wars and innumerable Indian campaigns to the beardless neophyte just free from the leading strings of his West Point alma mater; and I doubt not that, if the stories of varied experiences could be collected, they would form a volume of no small interest.

"Did I ever serve against the Comanches? Well, somewhat. I was a prisoner of theirs for five days," one of the older officers was replying to a question asked by one of the youngsters, as I accepted an invitation to draw up a chair and join the circle around the stove. His reply was followed by a silence that plainly indicated that the others awaited the story that they knew must follow.

The speaker was a middle-aged man, remarkably well preserved for his years, and so graphic was his narrative that one could almost believe himself an eyewitness of the scenes that he described.

"Yes," confinued he, "I was stationed down in Indian Territory at the time, and we were literally surrounded by Indians, whom our presence alone prevented from going on the warpath. The Kiowas and Comanches had been for many years the bitterest enemies, but early in the spring rumors of prospective trouble from both of them were very prevalent. According to these rumors, the two formerly antagnostic tribes contemplated uniting against their common enemies, the whites. These repeated rumors were reported to the department headquarters, but as in every case nothing came of them, an order was issued to the effect that the next officer making any such report should be sent to investivate it and ascertain the facts before the report was forwarded to the general commanding the department.

"I was stationed with my company in a camp some little distance from the post with instructions to watch the Comanches and Kiowas, whose camps were a few miles further on. Attached to my company were two Indian scouts, both of them faithful fellows, in whom I could trust, and when one morning one of them came to my tent and reported that there was certainly going to be trouble, as the Comanches were donning their war paint and feathers and endeavoring to induce the Kiowas to follow their example. I could do nothing less than order around my horse and ride up to the post to report the matter.

"That very morning the order of which I was just speaking had been received, and when I reported what my scout had told me I received orders to bring my company into the post, and, accompanied by the only scout, to act as interpreter, to visit the Indian camps and find out what I could about the projected outbreak, and, if possible, prevent it by moral suasion.

"It was a perilous undertaking, I very well knew; for, if my scout had spoken truly, there was very little probability of either of us coming back with our hair on. But orders had to be obeyed; so, early in the afternoon, we set out.

"The Indian was very dubious about the result of our trip, assuring me that what he had said was true, and that the best fate we could hope for was to be taken as prisoners, and held until peace was once again declared. Late in the evening we drew near the Comanche camp, and long before we came in sight of it, the sound of tom-toms and savage yells reached our ears.

"The scout here stopped and urged our going back; saying that it was all our lives were worth to enter the camp at such a time, but when I told him that I must obey my oders and go ahead, but that if he so desired he could go back and tell his comrades that he was afraid to follow the white chief and had run away. I can see that fellow yet as he straightened up on his pouy, and replied:

"'Spotted Dog would lie if he said that he was afraid. He only wanted to save the white chief's scalp, and will follow him wherever he desires to lead.'

"For a few moments we rode along in silence, until, upon coming suddenly around the base of a low hill, our eyes fell upon a sight that I shall remember as long as I live. If I could look straight down into the lowest compartment of a literal hell, I am sure that the scene would be a quiet landscape compared to what we saw that night. On the side of the camp towards us a huge fire had been built, near which a post had been planted in the ground. Dancing around both was a horde of yelling, howling, half-naked demons, their barbarous arms and ornaments shining, and the hideous outlines of their painted faces showing clearly in the ruddy firelight. They were having their famous war dance, and going through the ceremony of striking the post in which each warrior able to bear arms and willing to go on the warpath strikes his tomahawk against the post to illustrate the manner in which he will cleave the skulls of his unfortunate enemies.

"As soon as we were discovered by them, we were surrounded by the howling savages, pulled from our horses, and in less time than it takes to tell it, were landed within the living circle. The Indians danced around us brandishing their tomahawks and spears, and seeing how near they could come to us without injuring us. In vain I made the peace sign, and in vain my interpreter protested that our object was simply to pay a friendly visit. A grand council was at once ordered to decide if it would not be an appropriate and fitting course of procedure to inaugurate their campaign and show their contempt for the military by burning a white officer at the stake and turning the war dance into a scalp dance in honor of the occasion.

"It was decidedly a case of 'packed jury,' and although one or two feeble voices were raised in our behalf, the popular verdict was against us, and it was decided to hold the scout a prisoner and to torture me on the spot. The scout's interpretation of the words and the busy preparation of the Indians informed me of the verdict at the same time, and I spent the few moments that remained in instructing the scout to escape as soon as possible and report at the post all that had happened.

"My recollection of my sensations at that time is very vague. I was stunned at the suddenness of the calamity that was about to overwhelm me, and I remember a feeling of anger at the order on account of the provisions of which I was to die a horrible death for no other reason than that of having done my duty.

"But I didn't have long to think even of that, for as soon as all was ready, the two bucks acting as my guard caught hold of me, and half led, half dragged me toward the stake. The yelling savages closed in around me with every evidence of pleased anticipation. As they were about to bind me to the stake, and my last ray of hope seemed gone, a powerful form made for itself an opening through the crowd, and in a moment I saw standing beside me Black Kettle, the head chief of the Kiowas. At his back were thirty or forty of the most influential members of his tribe. I had a short time before performed an act of kindness for this powerful chief, and I now waited in breathless suspense to see how he would return it. The Comanches paused for a moment, and then, maddened at the interruption of their gentle pastime, their yells became more and more blood-curdling, while tomahawks and spears fairly rained about me.

"Black Kettle said nothing, but, taking up one corner of his blanket, he held it out to me. The grip with which the proverbial drowning man grasps at a straw isn't a circumstance compared to the way in which I clung to the dirty edge of that Indian's greasy blanket. As long as black Kettle permitted me to thus protect myself under the shadow of his wing I knew that I was safe, for the Comanches would not dare to harm the protege, and thereby secure the enmity of the great chief, whose tribe they were exerting every effort to secure as allies.

"Strong words and arguments followed the interruption, but finally resulted in my going off, still clinging to the skirt of Black Kettle's garment, and I was quartered in that chief's lodge, where I could consider myself safe until final disposition should be made of me.

"Five of the longest days and nights of my life were spent under Black Kettle's roof. I had to partake of dog soup and the other vile messes that he offered me, for fear of offending him by declining. At all times the air was filled with yells and the sounds of tom-toms. At night I was led forth to amuse my captors, and in order that they might gloat over my misfortune, they made me dance and sing and go through all kinds of ridiculous performances. Each day I could see that the Kiowas were more inclined to join the Comanches, and I shuddered to think of what must necessarily happen when they would put on the war paint. I had some hope that Spotted Dog had escaped, and that troops would soon come to my assistance, and yet I feared to have them come, for I had assisted too often in the capture of Indian villages not to know that if the troops were successful they would in all probability find me dead and scalped.

"On the fifth day my worst fears seemed about to be realized. The squaws were busy tearing down the tepees and packing up their belongings. Long lines of them leading their laden ponies were seen filing out of camp and going off. I knew that this meant war, and that the women and children were getting out of the way. Black Kettle had not been near me all day, and I was almost wild with suspense when, late in the afternoon, he appeared, decked out in all his savage finery. He told me that after long deliberation, he and his chiefs had decided to be allies to the Comanches, and that he had pleaded for my life in vain, but that there was some hope yet. He ordered me to follow him, which I did.

"Outside of his lodge stood my horse, saddled and bridled, and all of my belongings just as I had left them. He led me and I led the horse down to the edge of the water, where were collected all of the warriors of both tribes and their ponies. I was then informed that I would be allowed to cross the river and gain the underbrush on the other side, after which Black Kettle's protection would have to cease, and the whole two tribes would engage in a pleasant little fox hunt, with me as fox. The word was given, my revolver was handed to me, and I plunged in.

"The river was not wide, but very deep, and quite swift. I slipped off my horse, and, taking hold of his tail, allowed him to tow me slowly across. During the few moments of crossing, my brain was very active, and when the horse scrambled up the bank my plan was formed.

"It was by this time almost dark, and when the horse reached the top of the bank I stopped him, and tightened the saddle girth in full view of the Indians, who, true to their word, waited for me to disappear in the underbrush before taking to the water. The moment that I struck the brush a yell from hundreds of Indian throats reached me, and the bullets cut the brush all around me.

"I leaped from my horse, and with my pistol barrel gave him a whack over the rump that I knew would send him on a gallop clear into the fort. I knew, too, that the Indians would follow his trail, so I slipped as quietly as possible up a side coulee and hid until the Indians passed me, when I made tracts for another fort about twenty-five miles distant.

"My ruse proved successful, for the Indians, thinking, of course, that I would try to get home, followed my horse's trail, and left me unpursued. I traveled all that night, and reached my destination just as the bugles were sounding reveille. On the day following I went back under escort to my proper post.

"Much to my surprise, upon my arrival there, nothing had been heard of Spotted Dog, and it was not until months afterward that I found that the faithful fellow had been shot by the Indians while trying to obey my instructions to escape.

"This was not the only time that Black Kettle befriended me, and when General Custer and his command returned from their winter campaign that ended with the battle of Wichita, it was with genuine sorrow that I learned of the old chief's death."—*New York Sun.*

ROASTS THE "IRISH CATHOLIC."

[To the Editor.]

Permit me to tender you my warmest thands for the manner in which you castigate that miserable person, whoever he may be, that edits the *Irish Catholic*. That wretched prostitution of religious journalism should be publicly burned by the patriotic citizens of the Irish capital. Who would ever thjnk that in Dublin a newspaper should be printed calling itself the *Irish Catholic*, with gall enough to brand Wolfe Tone as an informer! How low must the spirit of patriotism have sunk when a make-believe "Catholic" writer could dare to thus insult the memory of a man whose whole life was one of constant sacrifice and devotion to Ireland—aye, one to whom Catholics especially owe, in his capacity as secretary of the Catholic Association of the last century, a debt of gratitude for his fearless advocacy of their claims.

And now, in the face of all history, this wretched gang of West Britons, represented by the *Irish Catholic*, dare to say that Owen Roe O'Neill would have given "short shrift to any man who, in the interest of Irish independence, would have tampered with the allegiance of his soldiers." Upon my word! it makes a man hot under the gills to think that such anti-Irish lickspittles of British rule should pose and be recognized as Irish leaders. Are there no football kickers in Dublin with pluck enough to practice on the hind-part of this *Irish Catholic* editor?

If that is the kind of religion they are teaching in Ireland now, I cannot but think it was a great misfortune that St. Patrick did not leave us alone. Whatever doctrines the old Druids taught, they never countenanced the emasculated morality that has worn the soul out of Irishmen and taught them to believe God requires them alone among men to pay allegiance to a foreigner and a tyrant. I am a Catholic, and to the best of my belief there never was one of my forbrars a Protestant since they were converted to Christianity; but for the life of me, I cannot understand why every bumble-bee of a "Catholic" paper in Ireland must constitute itself an oracle in all matters pertaining to Irish affairs. If you know of a good Catholic newspaper that attends strictly to religious matters, I would like to know its name. I would subscribe for it. When it comes to Irish affairs I consider THE CITIZEN hits the nail on the head every time. You differ from me in American politics, but that is every man's constitutional right and privilege; and when I want political news I take the ordinary journal; but for sound, consistent editorial matter on the Irish question I want THE CITIZEN.

We Irishmen, and especially the "old guard," should be more practical, and it would be good practical policy to support a sound Irish national paper in Irish affairs. Then those of us religiously inclined would be doing religion a service by encouraging a paper devoted to Catholic subjects exclusively. Let each Catholic Irishman help to support one good Irish national journal and one able Catholic newspaper, each devoted to its own particular sphere. Religion and country would be both benefitted by the speedy extinction of all such frauds as the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin.

FENIAN VETERAN.

18 Pounds of Blood

Is about the quantity nature allows to an adult person. It is of the utmost importance that the blood should be kept as pure as possible. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its claim to be the best blood purifier.

THE FOSTER-BROTHER.

A Short Story, Illustrating the Singular Strength of Affection Which Binds the Humble Peasant of Irish Life to His Foster-Relative.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

There is scarcely a trait of human nature involved in more mystery, or generally less understood, than the singular strength of affection which binds the humble peasant of Irish life to his foster brother, and more especially if the latter be a person of rank or consideration. This anomalous attachment, though it may to a certain extent be mutual, is nevertheless very seldom known to be equal in strength between the parties. Experience has sufficiently proved to us, that whilst instances of equality in feeling have been known to characterize it, the predominant power of its spirit has always been found to exist in the person of the humbler party. How to account for this would certainly require a more philosophical acquaintance with human nature than has fallen to our lot; we must therefore be content to know that the fact is precisely as we have stated it. Irish history and tradition furnishes us with sufficient materials on which to ground clear and distinct proofs that the attachment of habit and contiguity in these instances far transcends that of natural affection itself. It is very seldom that one brother will lay down his life for another, and yet instances of such high and heroic sacrifices have occurred in the case of the foster-brother, whose affection has thus not unfrequently triumphed over death itself. It is certainly impossible to impute this wild but indomitable attachment to the force of domestic feeling, because, while we maintain that the domestic affections in Ireland are certainly stronger than those of any other country in the world, still, instancies of this inexplicable devotion have occurred in the persons of those in whom the domestic ties were known to be very feeble. It is true, there are many moral anomalies in the human heart with which we are as yet but imperfectly acquainted; and as they arise from some wayward and irregular combination of its impulses that operate independently of any known principle of action, it is not likely that we shall ever thoroughly understand them.

There is another peculiarity in Irish feeling, which, as it is analogous to this, we cannot neglect to mention it. We allude to the "Parisheen," a term which we must explain at further length to our readers. When the Dublin Foundling Hospital was in existence, the poor infants whom an unhappy destiny consigned to that gloomy and withering institution, were transmitted to different parts of the country, to be nursed by the wives of the poorer classes of peasantry —such as day-laborers, cottiers, and small farmers, who cultivated from three to six or eight acres of land. These children were generally, indeed almost always called parisheens—a word which could be properly applied only to such as, having no known parents, were supported by the parish in which they happen to be born. It was transferred to the Foundlings, however; although, with the exception of the metropolis, which certainly paid a parish tax for their maintenance, they were principally supported by a very moral act of parliament, which, by the wise provision of a large grant, held out a very liberal bounty to profligacy. At all events, the opprobrious epithet of "Parisheen" was that usually fixed upon them.

Now, of all classes of our fellow creatures, one might almost naturally suppose that those deserted and forsaken beings would be apt, consigned as they uniformally were to the care of mercenary strangers, to experience neglect, ill-treatment, or even cruelty itself; and yet, honor be to the generous hearts and affectionate feelings of our humble people, it has been proved, by the incontestible authority of a commission expressly appointed to examine and report on the working of the very hospital in question, that the care, affection, and tenderness with which these ill-fated creatures were treated by the nurses to whom they were given out, were equal, if not superior, to that bestowed upon their own children. Even when removed from these nurses to situations of incomparably more comfort—situations in which they were lodged, fed, and clothed, in a far superior manner—they have been known, in innumerable instances, to elope from their masters and mistresses, and return to their old abodes, preferring the indulgence of their affection, with poverty and distress, to anything else that life could offer.

All this, however, was very natural and reasonable, for we know that even the domestic animal will love the hand that feeds him. But that which we have alluded to as constituting the strong analogy between it and the attachment of the foster-brother, is the well known fact, that the affection of the children to the nurses, though strong and remarkable, was as nothing compared with that which the nurses felt for them. This was proved by a force of tertimony which no scepticism could encounter. The parting scenes between them were affecting, and in many instances agonizing, to the last degree. Nay, nurses have frequently come up to Dublin, and, with tears in their eyes, and in accents of the most unfeigned sorrow, begged that the orphans might be allowed to stay with them, undertaking, rather than part with them, that they would support them at their own expense.

It would be very difficult to produce a more honorable testimony to the moral honesty, generosity, and exquisite kindness of heart which characterize our people, than the authentic facts we have just mentioned. They fell naturally in our way when treating of the subject which preceded them, and we could not, in justice to circumstances so beautiful and striking, much less in justice to the people themselves, pass them over in silence.

We shall now relate a short story, illustrating the attachment of a foster brother; but as we have reason to believe that the circumstances are true, we shall introduce fictitious names instead of real ones.

The rebellion of Ninety-eight was just at its height when the incidents we are about to mention took place. A gentleman named Moore had a daughter remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments. Indeed, so celebrated had she become, that her health was always drunk as the toast of her native county. Many suitors she had, of course, but among the rest two were remarkable for their assiduous attentions to her, and an intense anxiety to secure her affections. Henry Irwin was a high loyalist, as was her own father, whose consent to gain the affections of his daughter had been long given to his young friend. The other, a young gentleman named Hewson, who in point of fact had already secured her affections, was, unfortunately, deeply involved in, or, we should rather say, an open leader on, the insurgent side. His principles having become known to Moore, as republican, for some time before the breaking out of the insurrection, he was, in consequence, forbidden the house, and warned against holding communication with any member of his family. He had succeeded, however, before this, by the aid of Miss Moore herself, who was aware of his principles, in placing as butler in her father's family his own foster-brother, Frank Finnegan — an arrangement which never would have been permitted, had Moore known of the peculiar bond of affection which subsisted between them. Of this, however, he was ignorant; and in admitting Finnegan into his family, he was not aware of the advantages he afforded to the proscribed suitor of his daughter. This interdiction, however, came too late for the purposes of prudence. Ere it was issued, Hewson and his daughter had exchanged vows of mutual affection; but the national outbreak which immediately ensued, by forcing Hewson to assume his place as an insurgent leader, appeared to have placed a barrier between him and her, which was naturally considered to be insurmountable. In the meantime, Moore himself, who was a local magistrate, and also a captain of yeomanry, took an extremely active part in quelling the insurrection, and in hunting down and securing the rebels. Nor was Irwin less zealous in following the footsteps of the man to whom he wished to recommend himself as his future son-in-law. They acted together; and so vigorous were the measures of the young loyalist, that the other felt it necessary in some instances to check the exuberance of his loyalty. This, however, was not known to the opposite party; for as Irwin always seemed to act under the instructions of his friend Moore, so was it obviously enough inferred that every harsh act and wanton stretch of authority which he committed, was either sanctioned or suggested by the other. The consequence was, that Moore became, if possible, more odious than Irwin, who was looked upon as a rash, hot-headed zealot, whilst the veteran was marked as a cool and wily old fox, who had ten times the cunning and cruelty of the senseless puppet he was managing. In this, it is unnecessary to say, they were egregiously mistaken.

In the meantime the rebellion went forward, and many acts of cruelty and atrocity were committed on both sides. Moore's house and family would have been attacked, and most probably murder and ruin might have visited him and his, were it not for the influence of Hewson with the rebels. Twice did the latter succeed, and on each occasion with great difficulty, in preventing him and his household from falling victims to the vengeance of the insurgents. Moore was a man of great personal courage, but apt to underrate the character and enterprise of those who were opposed to him. Indeed, his prudence was by no means on a par with his bravery or zeal, for he has often been known to sally out at the head of a party in quest of his enemies, and leave his own mansion, and the lives of those who we in it, exposed and defenseless.

On one of those excursions it was that he chanced to capture a small body of the insurgents, headed by an intimate friend and distant relative of Hewson's. As the law at that unhappy period was necessarily quick in its operations, we need scarcely say, that, having been taken openly armed against the king and the constitution, they were tried and executed by the summary sentence of a court martial. A deep and bloody vengeance was now sworn against him and his by the rebels, who for some time afterwards lay in wait for the purpose of retaliating in a spirit prompted by the atrocious character of the times.

Hewson's attachment to Moore's daughter, however, had been long known, and his previous interference on behalf of her father had been successful on that account only. Now, however, the plan of attack was laid without his cognizance, and that with the most solemn injunctions to everyone concerned in it not to disclose their object to any human being not officially acquainted with it, much less to Hewson, who they calculated would once more take such steps as might defeat their sanguinary purpose. These arrangements having been made, matters were allowed to remain quiet for a little, until Moore should be off his guard; for we must observe here, that he had felt it necessary, after the execution of the captured rebels, to keep his house strongly and resolutely defended. The attack was therefore postponed until the apprehensions created by his recent activity should gradually wear away, and his enemies might with less risk undertake the work of bloodshed and destruction.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonial.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

Kilgore's Objections.

A single phrase has made Colonel Kilgore a national character. Very early in his congressional career he began to say, "I object." He has kept this up at every session of congress with serene consistency. A small man, a nervous man or a bad tempered man could never have made a success of such a policy. He would have been run over in some way. But Colonel Kilgore's "I object," uttered with dignity and with deliberation and backed by such an impressive personality, has won its way. It has stopped hundreds of little bills; it has sent many a disappointed member to the cloakroom fuming and swearing. And yet the big man, who is always good humored and who smiles on slight provocation, is a popular member of congress. There is everything in the way that "I object" is said. The tone can carry malice or anger or honest opposition. Colonel Kilgore says "I object" with such utter disregard of personal considerations and with such unfailing regularity that he has disarmed the resentment which usually falls upon objectors.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Smelling Out Bank Bills.

If a bill must be sent in a letter, the safest plan is to roll it tightly into the shape of a lamplighter and lay it in the fold of the sheet inclosed. Arranged in that fashion, the fact that it is money cannot well be distinguished by the "feel." A thread, with a knot at the end, will not be so likely to fetch a telltale fragment of the fiber paper when drawn by means of a needle through the envelope, and the smell of it will be less perceptible. So peculiar is the effluvium belonging to bank or treasury notes that experts at the bureau of engraving say that they can distinguish them when sealed in envelopes by the nose every time. A thief once showed to government detectives who had caught him that he could pick out, while blindfolded, from a pile of 400 letters every one of seven which contained paper cash merely by scent.—Washington Star.

Tollemache's Consideration.

Of the late Lord Tollemache's consideration for others an amusing instance has been related by his brother. One day, at Peckforton, he came down earlier than was his wont and happened to look into the drawing room. He found the room "not done" and littered with brushes and dusters. Extremely displeased he rang the bell impetuously, and the inculpated housemaid was summoned, but when she appeared, instead of administering the intended rebuke, he apologized to her for coming into the room so early, and was so full of excuses for his untimely visit that she said at last, "Pray, don't mention it, my lord." —London Tit-Bits.

Malta Drinking Water.

"The best water I ever drank," writes a correspondent, "was at Malta, where it is collected on the flat roofs, which are most carefully cleaned preparatory to the heavy fall of rain which takes place when the weather breaks the first or second week in September. Every house has below it an immense tank, often of the same area as the house, and about 12 feet deep, and into this pours the beautiful fresh water, which comes up cool and sparkling when wanted."

Scared Enough to Dye.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?"

"Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know!"—Indianapolis Journal.

The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet, say the vegetarians. The lion is ferocious rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant and antelope, all conspicuous for strength and endurance, choose a vegetable diet.

When you speak of bees, designate the kind referred to. There are 4,500 species popularly known as "wild bees," 3,900 being natives of the Americas. Britain has 70 species of bees and 16 of wasps. Of the latter there are 170 species known to entomologists.

In the Vatican library there is a treatise on dragons, a manuscript in a single roll 300 feet long and a foot wide, the material of which is said to be the "tanned gut of a great dragon."

A SEDENTARY OCCUPATION, plenty of sitting down and not much exercise, ought to have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets to go with it. They absolutely and permanently *cure* Constipation. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet is a corrective, a regulator, a gentle laxative. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the most *natural* remedy—no reaction afterward. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all stomach and bowel derangements are prevented, relieved and cured.

A "COLD IN THE HEAD" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrhal Headache, and every trouble caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer $500 for any case which they cannot cure.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I* say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. B. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

FREE LIST OF THE MEASURE OF A LIBERAL SCOPE.

The Bounty on Sugar To Be Repealed by Easy Gradations—Reforms in the Customs Laws Which Will Necessitate Readjustment of Treaties.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—The new Democratic tariff bill has been given out to the public and its provisions fulfill every expectation of those who have predicted that it would be a radical measure of reform. In many respects it is a surprise even to the Democratic members of congress, as it is unprecedented in many of its provisions.

The free list is of that liberal scope sufficient to satisfy the most radical advocates of reform and the repudiation of the principle of reciprocity, which has been the pride of the Republicans and the bete noir of the Democrats for a number of years is decisive and emphatic. Thus, the tariff bill in addition to the reforms it makes in the customs laws will necesitate readjustment of treaties with those South American countries, which enjoy practical or theoretical reciprocity with the great American republic of the Northern hemisphere.

The bounty on sugar which was to be so promptly repealed is, instead, to be repealed by easy gradations and will not reach its conclusive effect until after the end of the present century.

Added to the Free List.

The committee met at 11 o'clock in the morning and after the roll-call Chairman Wilson at once laid the bill before the entire committee. On and after the 1st. of March, 1894, the following articles are to be added to the free list: Articles for the use of the United States—Bacon and hams, beef, mutton, pork and meats of all kinds, prepared or preserved, not specially provided for in this act; barytа; all binding twine manufactured in whole or in part from istle or tampico fiber, manila, sisal grass or sunn, of single ply and measuring not exceeding six hundred feet to the pound; birds, stuffed not suitable for millinery ornaments, and bird skins prepared for preservation, but not further advanced in manufacture; blue vitriol or sulphate of copper; bone char, suitable for use in decolorizing sugars; coal, bituminous, and shale, and coal, slack or cut; coke; coal tar (crude) and all preparations and products of coal tar, not colors or dyes, not specially provided for in this act; oxide of cobalt; copper imported in the form of ores; old copper, fit only for manufacture, clipping from new copper, and all composition metal of which copper is a component material of chief value not specially provided for in this act; regulus of copper and black or coarse copper, and copper cement, copper in plates, bars, ingots, or pigs, and other forms not manufactured not specially provided for in this act.

Cotton Ties Cut to Length.

Copperas, or sulphate of iron; cotton ties of iron or steel cut to lengths, punched or not punched, with or without buckles, for belting cotton; diamonds, dust or bort, and jewels to be used in the manufacture of watches and clocks; yolks of eggs of birds, fish and insects; downs of all kinds, crude, not especially provided for in this act; fresh fish; furs, undressed; iodine, resublimated iron ore, including managaniferous iron ore; also the dross or residuum from burnt pyrites, and sulphuror, and pyrites or sulphuret of iron in its natural state; lard; lemon juice, lime juice and sour orange juice; mica and metallic mineral substances in a crude state and metals unwrought, not especially provided for in this act; ochre and ochery earths, sienna and sienna earths, umber and umber earths not specially provided for in this act; cotton seed oil, paintings in oil or water colors, and statuary not otherwise provided for it this act. Plows, tools, and disc harrows, harvesters, reapers, drills, mowers, horserakes, cultivators, threshing machines and cotton gins; plush (black) for making men's hats; quicksilver; salt; silk, partially manufactured from cocoons or from waste silk, and not further advanced or manufactured than carded or combed silk; soap, all not otherwise specially provided for in this act.

Wearing Apparel.

Sulphate of soda, or salt cake, or nitre cake, sulphuric acid; tallow, wool grease, including that known commercially as Degras or brown wool grease; straw; burr stone bound up into millstones, free stone, granite, sandstone, limestone, and other building or monumental (except marble) unmanufactured or undressed not specially provided for in this act. All wearing apparel and other personal effects shall be admitted free of duty without regard to their value upon their identity being established under such rules and regulations as the secretary of the treasury may prescribe; timber, hewn and sawed, and timber used for spars and in building wharves; timber, squared or sided; sawed boards, plank, deals, and other lumber; laths; pickets and palings; shingles, staves of wood of all kinds, wood unmanufactured, provided that if any export duty is laid upon the above mentioned articles, or either of them, all said articles imported from said country shall be subject to duty as now provided by law. Chair cane or reeds, wrought or manufactured from rattans or reeds. Woods, namely: Cedar, lignum vitas, lancewood, ebony, box, grenadilla, mahogany, rosewood, satinwood and all forms of cabinet woods in the log, rough or hewn; bamboo and rattan unmanufactured; briar root or briar wood, and similar wood unmanufactured; reeds and sticks of partridge, hair wood, pimento, orange, myrtle and other woods, in the rough, or not further manufactured than cut into lengths suitable for sticks for umbrellas, parasols, sun shades, whips or walking canes. All wool of the sheep, hair of the camel, goat, alpaca and other like animals, and all wool and hair on the skin, noils, yarn waste, card waste, burr waste, rags and flogs, including all waste or rags, composed wholly or in part of wool.

Average Cut of 35 Per Cent.

The average cut in duties is between 35 and 40 per cent., with no duty going beyond 50 per cent. ad valorem and very few coming up to that mark. The uniform substitution of ad valorem for specific duties makes it quite difficult in many instances to accurately estimate the extent of the cut until actual experience in importations gives some guide by what to go. The actual loss from additions to the free list can be computed on the basis of importations for the fiscal year 1892, but not for the year '93, because complete statistics are not at hand. When the two years are averaged it will probably appear that the additions to the free list will be cut down to revenues by $20,000,000 to $22,000,0000; of this $8,000,000 may be placed to the account of free wool; coal will cause $1,000,000 deficiency; iron ore, $75,000; lumber, $900,000; salt, $400,000; silver lead ore, $850,000; flax, straw, hemp, etc., $250,000. The duties on other articles which will go on the free list have ranged from $5,000 up to $250,000. The total on the chemical schedule will be a large one.

LEHIGH VALLEY STRIKE.

Some Freight and Passenger Trains Moving Over the Line.

BUFFALO, Nov. 27.—Reports received here from Manchester say that six of the crews that took out freight trains from Buffalo started back with trains of freight. Chief Clerk Smith said that he expected the other crews would start back as soon as trains could be made up. Other trains are to be started east. Passenger trains left on time. When asked regarding the explosion of engine 604 at Fenton tank, thirty-eight miles west of Sayre, Mr. Smith said: "We simply know that the engine exploded at that time. Engineer Cooley will probably recover, but it is thought that Conductor Henderson and the fireman, whose name is unknown, will die. Cooley came to work for the Lehigh on the second day of the strike. He had credentials showing that he had been a locomotive engineer for fifteen years. His last position was on the Pennsylvania railway, where he worked sixteen months."

Situation at Jersey City.

JERSEY CITY, Nov. 27.—If appearances go for anything the backbone of the strike on the Lehigh Valley road, at this end of the line, is practically broken. The officials of the road say that it is. The strikers deny it, and maintain that the outward show of activity on the part of the company is simply carried on to deceive, but from indications at the company's yard at Communipaw business has been resumed with accustomed regularity.

New Men Persuaded to Quit.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Nov. 27.—The new men employed by the Lehigh Valley road to replace the strikers were induced by the latter to relinquish their positions. The new men said they were told they were being employed for a new road and when the matter was explained to them immediately joined the strikers.

PRESIDENTIAL APPOINTMENTS.

Washington Hesing Named for Postmaster at Chicago.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Washington Hesing has been appointed postmaster at Chicago and William J. Mize collector of internal revenue, district of Chicago. Other appointments were: Nelson Baldwin, to be collector of customs at Erie, Pa.; William S. Bulger, collector of customs at Oswego, N. Y., and Frank B. Dapney of Louisiana, to be consulting engineer of the United States and Mexican boundary commission.

Petition of Foreclosure.

AKRON, O., Nov. 27.—John W. Creach et. al. have commenced suit in the common pleas court to foreclose a mortgage of $3,630,000 held against the Pittsburg, Akron and Western Railway company. The road runs from Akron to Delphos, and was intended as a link in the most direct route between New York and Chicago. It is in the hands of W. A. Lynch as receiver. The mortgage was given April 1, 1890, to the American Loan and Trust company, to cover gold bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest and maturing in 1940. Defaulted interest is alleged to have made the mortgage subject to foreclosure. The petition prays that the road be sold and the proceeds be used to pay the bonds.

Funeral of General Rusk.

VIROQUA, Wis., Nov. 24.—At a late hour in the afternoon a great gathering of people bared their heads to a brisk cold wind that blew steadily from the west as the last earthly tribute was paid Jeremiah M. Rusk, ex-governor, ex-congressman, and late secretary of agriculture of President Harrison's cabinet. The ex-president, who was very fond of General Rusk, journeyed all the way from Indianapolis to this little village in northwestern Wisconsin, 300 miles northwest of Milwaukee, and followed the remains to their last resting place, walking with the family as one of the chief mourners. Many other distinguished people were present. At the grave the Masonic service was read by an officer of Labelle lodge, No. 84, the home lodge, of which the general was a member. Then a military salute was fired and the last scene in the eventful life of General Rusk was enacted.

Flames at Muskegon, Mich.

DETROIT, Nov. 25.—A special to The News from Muskegon says. The Williams block, occupied by Falk's barbershop and Welch's restaurant on the first floor and numerous offices and sleeping rooms above, was totally destroyed by fire, the inmates barely escaping with their lives. Captain Dewitt of Company No. 6 and Fireman Gus Anderson and Ben Berchon were caught under falling walls and badly injured. Loss, $50,000.

Another Great Horse Race.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—A match race between Directum, the king of trotters, with a record of 2:05¼, and Saladdin, the king of pacers, with a record of 2:03¾, is announced for next Thursday at Point Breeze. Mr. Salisbury, the owner of Directum, has backed his horse for $5,000 against $2,500, put up by James B. Green of Wilmington, owner of Saladdin.

Statue of Nathan Hale.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—The Sons of the Revolution celebrated the 110th anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the British troops by the unveiling of the statue of Nathan Hale, which stands in the southwest corner of City Hall park, facing Broadway.

Caught Under a Cable Car.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Francis Agnew, ex-sheriff and a member of the firm of Agnew & Co., the contractors who built the Manufacturers building, was caught under a cable car and so badly hurt that he is expected to die.

Brewers Fight a Boycott.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 27.—The Beer Drivers' union having boycotted the product of one of the city breweries, the latter have combined and refuse to sell beer to any one who will not take the beer they propose he shall.

Fire at Wayland, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 24.—A hotel and five business blocks were burned at Wayland. The loss will probably reach $50,000.

French Cabinet Resigns.

PARIS, Nov. 27.—The entire French cabinet has resigned.

STRIKE HANGS ON.

Optimistic Views Hardly Warranted by the Facts.

WILBUR REJECTS ANY ARBITRATION

And Says There Is Now No Issue With the Strikers—Some Gains Reported on the Company's Side, But Matters Very Critical in the Wilkesbarre Neighborhood—Non-Union Men's Lives in Jeopardy.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28.—Representatives from the state boards of arbitration of New York and New Jersey met in conference with the chiefs of the several railway employes' organizations for the purpose of devising ways and means for ending the strike on the Lehigh Valley railroad. The employes' representatives stated that they were willing that the strike should be settled and the men would be willing to resume work if the company was willing to receive and confer with committees from the employes.

Wilbur Refuses to Negotiate.

The decision was transmitted to President Wilbur, who replied as follows: "I am much obliged for your telegram, but at present there does not seem to be any occasion for arbitration, as there is no issue whatever between our employes and the company." The joint arbitration committee will go to Bethlehem and endeavor to act as mediators in the struggle, notwithstanding Wilbur's position.

The Strike Is a Present Fact.

That the optimistic views given in yesterday's dispatches are premature seems to be a fact. The railway company is making headway, but not rapidly. Freight has been moved on the Rochester branch of the road for the first time since the strike began. At Jersey City three freights were dispatched during the day, but none at night. Several trains of freight were received with goods from as far as California.

Much Turbulence Near Wilkesbarre.

In the meantime matters are getting critical near Wilkesbarre, and a settlement seems as far off as ever. The feeling is growing in bitterness, and while the strikers seem personally to be doing no violence they have plenty of sympathizers to do it for them. Very few trains are running, but the sidings and yards were filled with cars, The impression is that the company is not handling as many trains as they did any day last week.

TAKE THEIR LIVES IN THEIR HANDS.

Story the New Engineers on the Road Tell the Superintendent.

Five engineers at Wilkesbarre who had been working in place of the strikers told their story to Superintendent Esser. They claimed that they could not go on their engines from Coxton to Mauch Chunk without taking their lives in their hands. Another engineer who had come in for his time was asked what was the trouble. "I am not a candidate for the morgue," he said, "and if three or four men are going to be killed before things move smoothly I want to be out of here when the thing happens."

Five other engineers told of accidents caused by obstructions maliciously placed on the rails. Nobody was to be seen before the accident, but swarms appeared immediately after, and the engineers had to run for their lives. Eight or ten engines are at the roundhouse which had been disabled, not oy "green" engineers, but by the strikers or their friends. Engines are stoned and their drivers are not safe from violence at any time. Four men have been arrested at Port Bowkley for threatening a telegraph operator's life. None was a railway man. The strikers are not winning, but the railway is having a hard time.

An Echo of the Ann Arbor Strike.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The United States supreme court has dismissed for want of jurisdiction the appeal of Lennon, the Lake Shore engineer committed to jail for contempt of court in refusing to handle cars of the Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan Railroad company during the strike on that road last summer.

A Desperate Criminal Escapes.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 28.—John Dryden, alias Hawthorne, alias O'Niel, under five years' sentence for burglary and one of the most dangerous criminals in the northwest, has escaped from the county jail. Three street preachers held services at the jail and Dryden joined in prayer and singing and when they went away he walked out with them, carrying a hymn book.

Quite a Shake at Montreal.

MONTREAL, Que., Nov. 28.—This city and the surrounding country has felt the most severe shock of earthquake that has visited this part of the continent for several years. Buildings rocked and trembled, the courts were stampeded and the French section went into a panic, thinking the world was coming to an end. The shake extended all along the St. Lawrence, but no damage was done.

Satolli Not to Get a Red Hat.

ROME, Nov. 28.—The Vatican has formally denied the report that Mgr. Satolli is to be made a cardinal and that his successor as the papal delegate to the United States has been named. The Vatican also denies that there is any truth in the alarming report about the pope's health.

Should Certainly Have Hit Something.

BERLIN, Nov. 28.—Several men whose identities have not been ascertained fired upon a sentinel on the drill ground in Stettin. The sentinel and the patrols fired nineteen shots at the men, who fled down the streets, leaving trails of blood on the pavement. Nobody has been arrested.

The Mob Had to Have Entertainment.

IRONWOOD, Mich., Nov. 28.—The house at Front Creek in which Deputy Sheriff George Davidson was murdered by Eric Enos was fired by friends of the murdered man and burned to the ground.

Gen. Rusk's Estate $50,000.

VIROQUA, Wis., Nov. 28.—The will of ex-Secretary Rusk has been presented for probate to Judge Wyman. The estate is valued at $50,000.

Edith Fadden committed suicide by shooting herself at Devil's Lake, N. D. She left a letter addressed to the public saying she was tired of life. She was married and leaves three children.

George Jordan shot and killed himself near Connersville, Ind. He leaves a widow and four children. Financial trouble was the cause.

HOLOCAUST AT DETROIT

COSTLY CONFLAGRATION RESULTS IN LOSS OF LIFE.

Three Others Are Missing and Are Supposed To Have Perished in the Flames—Names of the Victims—The Fire Broke Out in a Large Dry Goods Store.

DETROIT, Nov. 24.—Shortly after noon the immense wholesale dry goods establishment of Edson, Moore & Co., occupying the five-story building at 194 to 202 Jefferson avenue, was burned to the ground, causing an estimated loss of $750,000, on which the insurance is ample. Radford Dunning, a porter, aged 44 years, and James McKay, aged 38, were killed by jumping from the top story of the burning structure. Three men are reported missing and are supposed to have lost their lives in the flames. Their names are: Edward Zoit, order clerk; Ed Centher, entry clerk, single, 28 years old; Pat M. Arkey, 32 years old, leaves a widow and three children.

Discovery of the Fire.

About 12:30 p. m. the flames were noticed pouring out of a corner window on the top floor of the building which was owned by the Palms estate. An alarm was quickly turned in, but by the time the first engine had arrived the flames had spread over the entire floor. The two men whose escape was cut off jumped to the ground before a ladder could be raised for their rescue. Driven by a strong northwest wind the flames soon enveloped the whole building, and it was evident that nothing could be done to save it. The attention of the firemen was then turned to keeping the fire confined to the Palms building, which was entirely destroyed within an hour from the time it was discovered. The strong wind drove burning embers through the air to the roofs of the adjoining buildings and the firemen of the entire department, which had been called out, were kept busy putting out these smaller fires.

FATAL FIRE AT COLUMBUS.

Two Theatres and a Hotel Destroyed by Flames—Loss Over $1,000,000.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 27.—Fire broke out in the new Henrietta theatre, Spring and Front streets, and in less than an hour and a half this elegant playhouse, the Chittenden hotel and Auditorium, and Park theatre, were in ruins. Andrew Anderson, a stage hand, was burned to death.

Felix Morris, in the "Paper Chase," was at the Henrietta theatre and the orchestra had just finished the overture when the manager, Albert Owens, appeared on the stage and informed the audience that there was a small blaze in the rear of the theatre and suggested that they leave the theatre. As no flames were to be seen and as the audience was small they did so in order.

The members of the company were dressed for their parts, and as they were assured the theater was fireproof made no effect to remove their wardrobes. In a few moments the flames, which first appeared in the large auditorium adjoining the theater, and which was unfinished, broke out in the rear of the stage. Almost instantly the whole proscenium was ablaze. The members of the company fled in their stage clothes. The loss on the Henrietta theatre and auditorium is $600,000; that on the Chittenden hotel, including furnishings and property contained, $400,000, and the Park theater $10,000.

There were also in the buildings the Ohio Savings bank, the Star shoe store, Rice's drug store, and Goodman's clothing store. The losses on these will aggregate $50,000.

Famous World's Fair Trains.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 27.—The exhibition World's fair trains, headed by locomotive No. 999 and Queen Empress, which arrived in this city departed for the east over the Lake Shore road. A delegation of about fifty prominent Clevelanders accompanied the trains to Painesville as guests of the Lake Shore company. All along the line west the trains were inspected by great crowds and in this city they visited them in the Union depot, where they were on exhibition.

Italian Cabinet Resigns.

ROME, Nov. 24.—A meeting of the cabinet was held. The situation arising from the reading in the chamber of deputies of the report of the committee appointed to investigate the bank scandals, and which severely censured the ministry, was most thoroughly discussed and the ministers decided that their usefulness was at an end. In accordance with this decision the cabinet tendered its resignation as a whole to King Humbert.

Murderers Hanged.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 27.—Will Stanley, colored, was hanged at Sebulon for the murder of Martin Thomas. The execution was private.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 27.—William Forman, colored, was hanged in the city jail-yard at Portsmouth for the murder of Carrie Carrillton, colored, his mistress, some months ago.

Alleged Faith Cure.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Ia., Nov. 27.—Miss Mattie Becker of Pleasant Hill, Henry county, who had not been able to stand alone for a year, was visited the other day by her pastor, who prayed and sang. She said she believed Jesus would cure her, and in the midst of the song got up from her bed. She has since been well and strong.

Fell Under the Wheels.

ELKHART, Ind., Nov. 27.—Henry B. Nelson, aged 33 years, fell under the wheels of a Lake Shore and Michigan Southern train at Bronson, just east of here, and was killed. His head and right arm were cut off. His home was at Ligonier, Ind., where he leaves a recently wedded wife.

Governor McKinley attended the football game at Springfield, Mass., and was given a reception in the evening by the athletic club.

S. C. Curtis, aged 65, who deserted his family at Cisco, Tex., a year ago and eloped with a young woman, has been arrested at Purcell, I. T.

John Ward, aged 32, of Pana, Ills., attempted to board a train and was fatally injured.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is said to have given $1,000,000 to religious work in the last two years.

The grand jury at Camden, Ark., returned indictments against the mayor and board of aldermen for licensing disorderly saloons.

Charles Peck was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for assaulting an 8-year-old girl by a jury at Hillsboro, Ills.

STATE INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS NOTES WHICH WILL BE READ WITH INTEREST.

Events Which Have Happened in the Prairie State During the Week Received by Telegraph—Home News Gathered for the Perusal of Our People.

KANKAKEE, Nov. 25.—Jesse D. Smith, a former merchant of this city, murdered his divorced wife and Mrs. Graybill, her mother, and then shot himself. Both women were shot through the heart and death was instantaneous. Smith shot himself in the head, but the bullet glanced and injured him but slightly. He then went to his boarding house about a half mile distant and shot himself through the right temple about three minutes before the sheriff arrived.

Jealousy is the probable cause. Mrs. Smith secured a divorce from her husband on the grounds of adultery this summer. Smith's wife and Mrs. Graybill lived together. Smith is about 40 years old and his wife about 35 years. Mrs. Graybill is about 60 years old. A 7-year-old daughter of Smith's is the only living witness to the tragedy.

THREE INDUSTRIES SWEPT AWAY.

Disastrous Fire in the Village of Altamont, Illinois.

EFFINGHAM, Ills., Nov. 24.—A disastrous fire occurred at Altamont, this county, sweeping away three of the village's leading industries with a total loss of $50,000. The Yoating flouring mill, the Star furniture factory and the Altamont Tile works were burned. The fire originated in the flouring mill and could not be checked. The Effingham fire department was telegraphed for, but before a special train could be got out the flames had done their work. The loss is covered by $20,000 insurance.

Made It Worse for Rev. Stewart.

MONMOUTH, Ills., Nov. 24.—The synodical commission not only refused to sustain the appeal of Rev. J. G. Stewart from the finding of the Monmouth presbytery but it also declared all five counts in the libel against him proven, including two on which he had been acquitted by the presbytery, viz: Attempting to impart the Holy Ghost as done by the apostles, and disregarding the expressed authority of the church. The sentence of the presbytery suspending Stewart from the ministry was changed so as to include also suspension from church membership. Stewart will not appeal.

Illinois Coal Company Insolvent.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 24.—Several months ago judgments aggregating $12,000 were obtained against the Girard Coal company by employes injured by a cage falling with them. The coal company insured in the American Casualty Insurance and Security company, Baltimore, Md., which became insolvent Wednesday. The Girard company has confessed judgment at Carlinville in favor of the stockholders amounting to $15,000, and Henry C. Hamilton, of Girard, will be appointed receiver.

The Fish Case Ended.

JOLIET, Ills., Nov. 25.—The noted Fish case, which has caused so much excitement in this section, was thrown out of court, much to the disgust of the depositors. The prosecuting attorneys were unable to prove beyond a doubt that the firm of Henry Fish & Sons was insolvent at the time that the deposit of $50 was made, and as the assets have not yet been turned into cash they could not prove that the firm was insolvent or that the depositors were not going to get their money.

Illinois State Fair.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 23.—The Sangamon county board of supervisors in session here has voted a bonus of $50,000 cash and 160 acres of ground for the permanent location of the Illinois state fair in Springfield. The announcement was hailed with intense enthusiasm among all business men in particular and citizens in general, as every one feels that it practically gives this city the fair.

Explosion of a Threshing Engine.

JERSEYVILLE, Ills., Nov. 24.—An explosion occurred on the farm of J. W. Davis, east of this city, in which one man was instantly killed and another injured. The engine was blown to fragments. The thrashing outfit was from Godrey, where the man killed, Edward Schollenberger, lived. His body was blown over seventy-five feet and into a shapeless form.

Stamping Out the Glanders.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 25.—State Veterinarian Trumbower, who has been investigating the reported outbreak of glanders, reports two cases near Smithboro, Bond county, both chronic, and both killed. Seven other horses have been infected by one of these and all were killed. The case in Clark county proved to be ulcerated tooth.

Vandals Blow Up a School House.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Nov. 25.—The school house in the village of Markham, a few miles west of here, has been blown up with dynamite. During the night people living in the vicinity were startled by a loud report. Next morning the school building was a mass of ruins. As yet no one is suspected of the act.

Ex-Game Warden Commits Uxoricide.

ELGIN, Ills., Nov. 27.—Frederick L. Buck, lately game warden of this district, shot his wife dead. The supposed cause is jealousy. His surrender was the first information of the crime. Mrs. Buck was member of one of the most prominent families here.

Illinois Smallpox Report.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 25.—The State board of health has received notice of two new cases of smallpox in Chicago, and one death. No new cases at Hulls or New Memphis, and the patients are doing well.

John Jarrett Has Rosy Reports.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 27.—John Jarrett, of the association of iron and sheet steel manufacturers says that business has already brightened up since the settlement of the sheet mill scale. He had received communications from six manufacturers stating that they had all received orders since the signing of the scale and prospects for business this winter were good.

Victim of Whitecaps.

LAPORTE, Ind., Nov. 27.—Edwin R. Niles, a pension attorney of this city, caused the arrest of four citizens, charging them with entering into a conspiracy to do him bodily injury. A second complaint alleges that he was taken from his premises and badly beaten. Niles says he is the victim of whitecaps.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Short Paragraphs About the Happenings of a Week.

After a long idleness the Cleveland, O., Rolling Mill company's rail mill started up.

Chief Otan, the orang-outang from the Javanese village in the Midway, has arrived at the Philadelphia Zoo. Otan is used to first-class Java coffee. A cup presented him from the eating station at Altoona was declined.

Allen Noe, Jr., and Samuel Morgan were arrested at Canton, Ills., charged with attempting to derail a train by placing a wagon load of sand on the track.

Nearly one-third of the stock of the Northern Pacific is owned in Pennsylvania.

George W. Adams, a farmer aged 60, was killed at Trinway, O., by a Panhandle freight. He and Perry Crow were driving over a crossing when the freight struck them. Crow was severely injured.

There were two deaths from smallpox in the district of east of Mascoutah, Ills., and two new cases.

The crank named Williams, with several aliases, who wanted to kill Major McClaughrey, former warden of Joliet penitentiary, was sent to the asylum for the insane at Mount Pleasant, Ia.

* * *

A freight train ran into an open switch at Van Buren, Ark., and killed J. W. Brown, Henry Swill and William Spoon, lumbermen. Two engines and five cars were wrecked.

Seven dwellings and a storehouse at Jamesville, a suburb of Birmingham, Ala., were destroyed by fire. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $15,000.

A barn belonging to William Watson, near Christman, Ills., was burned Monday night and seven head of horses perished. Loss, $4,000; insurance, $500.

Judge Burnel appointed George Hilton of Oshkosh, Wis., receiver of the Northwestern Car and Machinery company, established there last summer. The company was capitalized for $125,000. Liabilities are estimated at $68,000; assets, $107,000.

Ex-President Harrison will be the guest of the Union League of Philadelphia on the evening of Dec. 1. It is the purpose of the league to make the reception a brilliant affair.

* * *

Editor E. W. Harris of the Greenville (Tex.) Herald has been acquitted of the charge of murdering Dr. Yowell, whom he killed for slandering his wife.

John Sturgeon, the defaulting city clerk of Bucyrus, O., has been found guilty of embezzlement.

John Behring of Allegheny, and Theodore Barnett of Willow Grove, Pa., who were out of work, committed suicide.

David Wheat accused of murder, was discharged at Hancock, Mich., and Patrick O'Brien, also accused of murder, was pronounced not guilty by the jury after being out two hours. They were mixed up in the slaughter of Finlanders at the Dover mine in September last.

John Barker, a wealthy citizen of Brazil, Ind., borrowed a razor of a neighbor and cut his throat, dying instantly. No cause for the deed is known.

A raid was made on the Hotel Dasher at Minonk, Ills., and four men and a supply of gambling paraphernalia captured.

The plant of the Ames-Bonner company, brush manufacturers, at Toledo, O., has been attached by the sheriff for debt.

Mrs. Agnes Chapman, a miserly woman of Milan, O., was burned to death by a candle setting fire to her clothes.

* * *

Total shipments of ore from the Mesaba and Vermillion ranges aggregate 1,500,000 tons. The season is closed.

At Wichita, Kan., the State Irrigation association has just closed a two days' convention.

Bondholders of the Kansas Pacific desire the removal of Russell Sage as trustee.

Colonel Frederick Grant, ex-minister to Austria, was given a dinner and reception at Brooklyn.

Mrs. Perry Layman attempted to kindle a fire with oil at Portland, Ind., and was fatally burned.

W. K. Vanderbilt and party left New York on board the steam yacht Valient for a ten months' cruise in eastern waters.

Senator and Mrs. John Cusey of Farmer City, Ills., celebrated their golden wedding.

Reports of great destitution among the Canadian Indians are unfounded.

* * *

Thomas P Egan of Cincinnati, who is to go to Antwerp in May as a United States commissioner, began his career on a salary of $2 a week.

Senator Eppa Hunton of Virginia is said to be sure of election to the short-term senatorship, but the long term is in doubt, hung up between Fitzhugh Lee and Thomas Martin.

Mayor Wright of St. Paul has signed the new anti-pool room ordinance and it was published, so that the officers may be enabled to enforce it as law at once.

An American eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip was shot by a farmer near Hillsboro, Ills.

The Elwood (Ind.) Land company has been incorporated with a capital of $250,000. It holds 1,000 acres of suburban territory and has the lease of 100,000 acres of gas land.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption. Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in compounding, proportion and appearance.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a lifelong study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 2, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Modjeska.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Comedy of Errors."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Isle of Champagne."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Blue Jeans."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Jane."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Mattie Vickers.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Kentucky Girl."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

IS REDMOND THE COMING MAN?

It would now seem as if the Irish people were taking the sober second thought in regard to the policy advocated and pursued by the late Mr. Parnell, as contradistinguished from that of the seceding, or McCarthyite, wing of the Irish parliamentary party. The home rule coach, driven safely through the mire of the house of commons, has sunk out of sight in the quicksand of the house of lords. It has sunk beyond soundings, and a new coach will have to be built in order that the journey may be made all over again. It is quite evident that the McCarthyite party, split up into three or four sections—one section being shrewdly suspected of keeping an eye out for such official crumbs as may fall from the Whig breakfast table—is in no condition to construct the proper kind of a vehicle. At the present time that wing of the former powerful Irish party is impotent for good, but not for evil. The evil consists in the demoralization it breeds by the disgraceful quarrels of its chiefs; by the vituperative extravagance of Mr. Healy; by the irregular activity of Mr. O'Brien; by the lack of independence of all its members, who are the mere tail of the Whig wolf.

If parliamentary agitation is to be carried on at all, after the latest exhibition of its impotency in the matter of forwarding Irish self-government, the lines laid down by Mr. Parnell must be closely followed. If that astute chief were living today, he would have Gladstone, Houghton and Morley in "the sweat-box," and the atrocious De Freyne evictions, in the county Roscommon, would not now be shocking Ireland and humanity. The eyes of the Irish people, therefore, turn longingly toward some man who may be able, in a practically sufficient measure, to fill the place of the great leader, whose death was the greatest blow Ireland sustained since Thomas Davis was laid to rest in Mount Jerome cemetery.

A New York *Tribune* correspondent, not apt to be over-friendly to the Parnellite side of the controversy, finds in Mr. John E. Redmond a man on whose shoulders Parnell's mantle might not unworthily fall. In a recent correspondence to his paper this correspondent says:

"These Parnellites, unlike their rivals, are content with a single leader. And he is a leader with authority among them, almost comparable with that which his great predecessor wielded over all the Irish commoners. He is not, of course, to be compared, with Parnell in all the elements and attributes of statesmanship. Yet, for more reasons than one, John Redmond is more fittingly to be regarded as Parnell's successor than any of his compatriots. For one thing Mr. Redmond has that reserve of force and that self-containment which so strongly characterized Parnell. He is, it is true, an Irishman, and Parnell was not; that is, by ancient origin and long descent. Yet there is about him none of that wildness of demeanor which hostile critics attribute to Irishmen, nor of that excitability of temperament which so many of them possess. He is not as cold and secretive as was Parnell. He is genial, cordial, sympathetic and warm-hearted, while not hot-headed: frank and outspoken, too, though able to keep his own counsel in time of need. But he is moderate and reasonable, more ready to work diligently and methodically and even patiently, for the end in view, than to make a mad, helter-skelter rush for it. * * * * * Mr. Redmond holds unwaveringly to Parnell's doctrine of the absolute independence of the Irish Parliamentary party. He is willing to march with Mr. Gladstone so long as Mr. Gladstone walks in his path. But he has no notion of taking, at Mr. Gladstone's pleasure, a single step to the right or to the left. He is ready to form a working alliance, for the time and purpose being, with the Gladstoneans, or any English party that will serve his purposes; but neither through gratitude nor through hope will he ever form a fusion with any, or in any degree merge the identity and independence of his party into any other organization. If, therefore, in the next session of parliament, Mr. Gladstone departs from the lines of procedure which Mr. Redmond has laid down with respect to Home Rule, Mr. Redmond will promptly repudiate what slight alliance there has been between them, and be ready to give his vote and the votes of his followers against the government."

Mr. Redmond has some other qualities for leadership that the *Tribune* writer omitted to enumerate. As a public and parliamentary speaker, he ranks second to no Irish member of the house of commons, and, except Gladstone, he has no superior among the British members. His speeches are of the calm, luminous, yet sufficiently oratorical type. They are enough Irish in the tone to captivate the Irish masses, and enough cosmopolitan to placate such British as are worth placating. All parties in the alien house respect Mr. Redmond. He has won their regard by his manly, independent, yet sensible, bearing, and, in fact, he is a representative of whom no country on the earth need be ashamed. If the Irish party are sensible they will quit quarreling and unite under the leadership of Mr. Redmond, or some man of equal ability, if he can be found in their ranks. Such a course would have a magical effect on the Irish cause at home and everywhere. Confidence would be renewed, and a progressive, vigorous, dignified policy would take the place of the present hydra-headed programme, which offers to the future only faction, insignificance and utter impotency.

WASHINGTON HESING AND THE DISGRUNTLED DEMOCRATS.

The appointment of Washington Hesing as postmaster of Chicago, to succeed Col. James A. Sexton, whose able administration has reflected credit on the service and the city, has given offense to few people outside of the disgruntled wing of the Democratic party and the editorial brethren of the Chicago *Times*. The attacks made by that journal on the administration, on account of Mr. Hesing's appointment, have been repudiated by Mr. Martin J. Russell, its chief editorial writer, who has, in consequence, resigned in disgust. Mr. Russell, it is well known, is a hearty supporter of Mr. Cleveland, and has been from the first, and he was simply outraged before the public, considering his position, when the hostile *Times* editorial appeared last Sunday morning.

THE CITIZEN has nothing to do with Democratic quarrels, or, in fact, the quarrels of any party, as it is an entirely independent journal, but it is compelled to say, in justice, that it considers the attacks made by the Chicago *Times* Democrats on Mr. Hesing entirely undeserved. If he did "bolt" at the time of the Harrison-Allerton election last spring, did not the late Mr. Harrison himself set the example of "bolting" the Cregier nomination two years previously? A man's party loyalty can hardly be circumscribed by his devotion to municipal candidates. In fact, if it were not for bolting Republicans who voted for Mr. Harrison he could not have been elected over Mr. Allerton, who did not deserve to be betrayed. There are times when Ring tyranny in local politics becomes unbearable—when a few comparatively obscure persons assume to themselves the privilege of running the machine, solely for their own benefit or that of their friends. The history of Chicago politics contains some sharp lessons to ringsters, administered by a long-suffering people, but, nevertheless, the Ring system is difficult to overthrow. Col. Donovan, who is now the virtual leader of the county Democracy, supported Mayor Roche against Mr. Cregier, because he could not stomach the old Democratic Ring. Surely Mr. Hesing's "crime" against his party can be overlooked as Col. Donovan's temporary, and healthy, rebellion was.

These Democratic statesmen make us sad. Their perpetual bickerings and quarrelings forcibly recall the ill-temper of a kish of weasels thrown together without breakfast. They don't present—at least just now—the spectacle of seraphic harmony displayed by the Republicans, and they will suffer accordingly. Up to date, Washington Hesing has the best of his enemies. He is sure of a comfortable, dignified office for four years, at least. He is personally pleasant and by no means narrow in his sympathies. The *Staats Zeitung* occasionally goes off on a race tangent but "Wash" himself is all right. He is a member of the Sheridan and Columbus clubs, among others, and this argues that he occasionally "wears the green" and goes to church—two excellent qualifications in the postmaster of a cosmopolitan city. THE CITIZEN thinks Washington Hesing will make a right worthy successor to Col. Sexton, who is a model postmaster.

MR. MARTIN J. RUSSELL.

It is generally conceded by men of all parties in Chicago that, whether he gets it or not, Mr. Martin J. Russell deserves the Collectorship of the Port. In the first place, he is a native born Chicagoan, which is, in itself, no small qualification. His father, a mariner of the inland seas, met death on the Great Lakes in the performance of his duty. Mr. Russell, at the age of 16, was volunteer aide to his gallant and distinguished uncle, Col. James A. Mulligan, at Lexington, Mo. He entered the Union army, as a lieutenant in the Twenty-third Illinois Infantry, when that regiment was ordered to Virginia, and served with conspicuous ability and bravery until the end of the war. Then began his career on the Chicago press, which has been exceptionally brilliant. On the old *Evening Post*, on the *Herald*, and on the *Times*, during the best days of Mr. Story and his successors, and, more particularly, under the regime of the late Carter H. Harrison, Mr. Russell has built himself a national reputation. In addition to his gifts as a writer, he is also an accomplished speaker, and would be a creditable representative of the United States government on all occasions. THE CITIZEN is diametrically opposed to Mr. Russell's theories of political economy, and does not share his admiration of Mr. Cleveland, but it has respect for his honesty, his consistency and his genius, and sincerely thinks that Chicago, as well as Mr. Russell, would be honored by his appointment to the Collectorship of Customs.

GOLDEN WORDS OF PARNELL.

The late Charles Stewart Parnell could hardly be called a constructor of fine sentences, but he had a power of expression that cut into hostile understanding like the lash of a whip, strongly but skilfully applied. It was this wonderful power that made him dreaded by even such giants of debate as the late John Bright and the still existing Mr. Gladstone, in the English popular house. He was not less skilful in giving the Irish people themselves lessons in self-respect and independence of thought and action. Speaking at a banquet in Cork on Oct. 3, 1880, he said:

"The toast of 'Prosperity to Ireland' has been a somewhat familiar one to many newspaper readers in connection with the names of those who had the power of ruling over them. If there was one thing he was determined to do in his humble efforts to better their condition, it was to win the power of the Irish people to govern themselves, so that in future they would not have to associate the 'Prosperity of Ireland' with the name of the ruler sent to them from England. Ireland did not prosper, and never could prosper, until the right of the Irish people over land and sea—over everything in Ireland—was accorded to them. * * * * The Irish people had always been patient. He did not like to say they had bee too patient, though he thought they always had been so, but the limit of their patience would some day be reached in reference to the Irish land system. That day (Oct. 1880) they were a party of independent opposition in the house of commons, pledged to remain aloof from English parties, pledged, in the words of Lucas, to be a separate element in the legislature, and, if necessary, disordering, disorganizing and interfering, as it was expedient or possible, with every business that may be transacted. They could push this policy as far as they liked. They need not, at times, trench on it at all. They might keep the weapon in the scabbard, but *the weapon was there!* They had it at their command, and when all other resources failed it was as potent and powerful for a party of forty against the present Whig (Gladstone) ministry, as it was for a party of seventy against the last Tory government."

What words of broad and statesmanlike wisdom were these, and only to think that Ireland sacrificed this splendid leader at the bidding of the Whig minister, Gladstone, and the Utopian Irish bishops, who have rarely been politically right since the brave Bishop of Ross perished by the Puritan's hand for the faith that was in him!

Remember, 'tis writ in our annals of blood,
Our countrymen never relied on the faith
Of truce or of treaty but treason ensued,
And the issue of every delusion was death!

Oh, hero bishop, of the Cromwellian era, pity there are no heirs of your company today! Everything is Whig-Whig-Whig, ad nauseam. The land system! Yes, indeed. Gladstone's and Morley's uniformed house-breakers and firebugs are abroad in Roscommon, with the snow falling and the people homeless.

In 1885, Mr. Parnell was present at a St. Patrick's Day banquet in Dublin. He responded to the toast assigned to him, in part, as follows: "'Ireland a Nation!' Ireland has been a nation; she is a nation, and she will be a nation. England will respect the Irish in proportion as they respect themselves. They will not give anything to Ireland out of justice or righteousness. They will concede you your liberties and your rights when they must and no sooner. We can none of us do more than strive for that which may seem attainable today, but we ought, at the same time, to recollect that we should not impede or hamper the march of our nation; and although our programme may be limited and small, it should be such a one as shall not prevent hereafter the fullest realization of the hopes of Ireland, and we shall, at least, if we keep this principle in mind, have this consolation, that while we may have done something to enable Ireland, in some measure, to retain her position as a nation, we shall have done nothing to hinder others, who may come after us, from taking up the work with, perhaps, greater strength, ability, power and advantages than we possess, and from pushing on to that glorious and happy conclusion which is embodied in the words of the toast which I now ask you to drink—'Ireland a Nation!'"

While debating the Tory land bill in the house of commons, Sept. 3, 1887, he uttered the following words which might be read with interest and instruction by the present members of the Irish party and by the Irish people at large: "My experience in this house has been, in reference to victories that have been won, that nothing is got except by unbroken persistence. The motto, 'Try, try, try again,' is the one for the Irish members to adopt. It had been successful in the case of every movement they had made during the last eleven years, and had been for many more years, from the question of the abolition of flogging in the army to the question of Irish autonomy, in which he had been engaged and which had been simply fought out by constant persistence and by the exhibition of the fact that they believed in the honesty and the justice of the claims they were making."

MR. FRANCIS AGNEW.

Mr. Francis Agnew, ex-sheriff of this county, was severely injured by a cable car on Lincoln avenue and Centre street last Sunday evening. At first it was feared his injuries might prove fatal, but, at the hour of going to press, he is reported resting easily, although weak from shock and loss of blood, at his home, No. 292 Huron street. Mr. Agnew is a gentleman of wide popularity, particularly distinguished for his pleasant manners. He is a man of remarkable business capacity, and has put up some of the largest structures in this country, including the Manufactures Building at the World's Fair grounds, which covers more space than any single edifice ever erected by human hands. Mr. Agnew used to be quite active in politics, and is still recognized as a power among the Democrats, but, of late years, he has devoted himself mainly to his business, which is carried on under the firm title of Agnew & Co., and includes in its membership, among others, John P. Agnew and Ald. John McGillen. This firm is now engaged on a large section of the great drainage canal near Lemont, and Mr. Agnew will be sorely missed from the scene of his labors. THE CITIZEN hopes to be able to announce, next week, the full recovery of Mr. Agnew from his painful injuries.

REVIVAL OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The Irish language revival would appear to have many practical champions in Ireland at present. A London cablegram, dated Saturday, says:

"The crusade against the English language is growing apace in county Cork. Captain Donnellan, M. P., Sir Thomas Esmonde, M. P., and several other patriots who own carts, are having their names and addresses, written in Irish only, on their vehicles, thus braving the wrath of the magistrates of the county, who have already pronounced conduct of this kind to be a breach of the highways act. Not to be outdone by these gallant champions of the Gaelic tongue, the members of the Dublin Young Ireland League unanimously passed the following resolution at their last meeting:

"'That the corporation and town commissioners of Ireland be requested to paint the names of the streets in Irish above the names in English, in order to familiarize the people with the Irish language and prove to visitors the separate nationality of Ireland.'

"The union of hearts is not, apparently to be the union of tongues."

This is as it should be. The Irish people, as a majority, have been guilty of gross neglect in not perpetuating their noble old language. By allowing it to decay, they sacrificed the most vital feature of their distinctive nationhood. Only one hundred years ago, more than three-fourths of the inhabitants of Ireland, whether of Celtic, Danish, Anglo-Norman or pure Saxon origin, spoke the ancient language of the Gael. It was in that tongue, Ireland's greatest warriors gave their orders to their clansmen. Hugh O'Neill, and Owen Roe, and Sarsfield, all spoke Irish. Otherwise they could not have commanded with success armies in which hardly anything else was spoken. One of the reasons why King James and St. Ruth never became popular with the rank and file of the Jacobite-Irish army was because they were ignorant of Gaelic. St. Ruth's fiery address to the Irish army, on the eve of Aughrim, was uttered in French, and had to be translated into Irish by the chaplains of the various regiments, thus losing most of its effect, although, next day, the soldiers fought the most heroic, if unfortunate, battle ever disputed on Irish soil.

We know there are people who will sneer at the revival of the Irish tongue in Ireland, as there are people who will always sneer at everything that is not immediately profitable to themselves. Once, however, the revival becomes fashionable, the cynics will adopt it, like the rest. It has taken almost three generations to limit the Irish speaking people to their present comparatively small proportions. It would need hardly more than one to restore Gaelic fully in three provinces, and in, at least, half of the fourth. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes the good work will be kept up vigorously.

THE MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN.

George B. Swift will, undoubtedly, be nominated by the Republican city convention for the office of mayor, the functions of which he is now discharging pro tem in an effective manner. John P. Hopkins seems to be ahead for the same office among the Democrats, with many other unterrified Richmonds in the field to dispute his candidacy. Congressman McGann is spoken of, among the rest, but it is hardly likely he would resign his present honorable position, to take desperate chances for the mayoralty. The coming election will be no man's battle until it is fought and won—or lost. Enthusiastic Republicans and Democrats, who plume themselves on victory beforehand, should remember that Chicago has grown too large to be a certain quantity in politics. Premature chicken-hatching is dangerous.

THE ROYAL IRISH.

Recently published statistics furnish us with some interesting items concerning the royal baton-wielders who are the preservers of the peace—heaven bless the mark!—at present in Ireland. For police purposes that country is divided into thirty-six counties or ridings. Dublin has its own metropolitan police. Each county is divided into districts, and each district into sub-districts. The police barracks are generally from five to ten miles apart, the strength of each averaging one sergeant and four constables. We are furthermore informed that the duties to be performed are various. In addition to the ordinary police work they are charged with taking agricultural statistics, carrying out the provisions of the cattle diseases, customs and illicit distillation acts, and attending fairs, markets, races, and elections to preserve the peace. But during the disturbed times they are almost wholly occupied in protecting process servers and bailiffs, sheriffs executing writs, agents, landlords, farmers who had paid their rents, boycotted persons and all persons obnoxious for some reason or other incomprehensible to any one outside the immediate neighborhood.

Nice work, assuredly, for the guardians of the people! The Royal Irish constabulary is the only semi-military chrps in existence in the British empire, with the sole exception of the Cape Mounted police in Africa. The ointments and high living of these peeler chappies are costing the Irish people a huge lot of money every year.

DECLINE OF ENGLAND'S ARMY AND NAVY.

It has been proved from the most reliable sources that the army and navy of Britannia are in a condition of galloping consumption. The hand of time has dealt rather severely with both of these bulwarks. Old age is robbing them of their former virility to such an extent that they are now only the shadows of their former selves. In 1815 more than one third of the red-coated soldiers, who conquered the conqueror of Europe on the field of Waterloo, were big, brawny and stalwart Irishmen. Today, though the recruiting sergeant is abroad in the land, Irishmen, generally speaking, heed not his seductive voice, and refuse to don the enemy's livery—with the result that the proportion of the Gael to the Anglo-Saxon and the Scot is as one to ten.

The English army is declining in numbers, for the proper amount of recruits cannot be obtained. The war office is put to such straits that it has directed its recruiting sergeants to attend cricket and football matches, and sporting assemblies, and by the circulation of leaflets, as well as diplomatic conversation, inspire among the young men a desire for life in the army. The young men are, however, too commercially inclined to become soldiers. Other efforts are being made to keep up the numerical strength of these dwindling battalions to their former level, but all in vain. As it is, the English regular army now numbers 175,000 men, while the former roll call comprised over 200,000. This significant decline of her armed defenders is taking place in England while the regular armies of the other leading European powers are counting themselves by the million.

As for the navy, Lord George Hamilton, an impartial witness, testifies to the fact that it is practically gone to pieces, and has become utterly useless. Half of the battle ships, he adds, are provided with old muzzle-loading big guns that, as experience will prove, will deal more deadly havoc in action to the British tar than to the enemy. The *United Service Magazine*, a standard English authority on such a question, points out that instead of the guns being made expressly for the ships, and *vice versa*, ships and guns were built in a go-as-you-please fashion which makes it impossible for them to suit each other. Furthermore, it adds, a navy which could command not quite half of the necessary stokers, could hardly be said to be thoroughly equipped.

In face of these British criticisms, what becomes of the British brag and bluster about "our" invincible fleet? Some of the "imperial" Nationalists of Ireland might rend their locks and gnash their teeth over this "sad condition of our navy." THE CITIZEN has no tears—crocodile or others—to shed over the faded glory and effete condition of these battle ships. It rather views their growing decline with complacency; for it believes in the theory that the weaker England becomes in her military and naval defenses, the larger will be the measure of independence which Ireland will be able to wring from her in the not very distant future.

THE NEW COLLECTOR OF REVENUE.

Mr. William J. Mize, of somewhere down the state, has been made collector of internal revenue by Cleveland vice Mr. Christopher Mamer, who has held the office most worthily for about four years. Mr. Mize is not very well known in Chicago, and he will succeed a man who is very well known, and who is one of the wheel-horses of the Republican party. But the reports we hear of Mr. Mize are encouraging. He is reputed to be courteous, good natured and efficient, like his predecessor, and these qualities will go far toward making Mr. Mize feel at home with Chicagoans and they with him.

IRELAND'S SOCIAL CONDITION.

An interesting article signed "X.," and dealing with modern Irish life, has appeared in the November issue of the London *Contemporary Review*. The writer is himself evidently an Irishman, and though he is in some respects unjustly biased against his compatriots, he nevertheless tells them some very unpalatable truths. Ireland, according to this authority, is losing more and more of her distinctive characteristics. North and South, East and West, Irish youths ape the English accent and affect English airs and manners. The swells of the various towns and cities lisp in conversation, and interlard their silly talk with the "aw-aw-aws" and "don't-cher-knows," of the fashionable cockney dude. Referring to what he calls the "gentle class," he says that it is the most tragic, as it certainly is the most enraging feature of the whole miserable business, that they are of no account in the Anglo-Irish problem.

Enraging it certainly is for an aristocrat like "X.," but very encouraging for those who believe in popular power. He is, however, more logical when he adds "that they (the gentry) had their great opportunities. From Lord Edward's day to Smith O'Brien's there was no time when the gentlemen (*sic*) of Ireland could not have put themselves at the head of her national movement. They declined to do so, and today they exert just about as much influence on the people they live among as the Hindoo students, domiciled in London, exercise on the public opinion of the metropolis."

Passing aside "X's." foppishly exclusive idea of gentlemen, we agree with him in the opinion that the Irish so-called gentry could have been in the past the leaders of the people if they had thrown in their lot with that of the people. Up to a comparatively recent period the majority of the Irish peasants had a kind of fetichal worship of the aristocracy. Many of these poor slaves doffed their hats, and sometimes strained their spines, in bowing to the lord of the soil. The Land League must at least get the credit of having strengthened the backbone of the peasant, and inspired him with the impression that he was as good as, and in many cases a superior man to, the *squireen* to whom he paid his rent. Ireland has lost nothing by the present political impotence of her gentry. She ought to be congratulated on the fact that these gentry are practically nobodies where once they were the worst of aristocrats.

"The journalism of Ireland," observes "X.," "is at its best bad, and literature has practically perished from the land." The bookstall in any Irish railway station, he adds, contains the most pitifully partial supply of anything artistic or substantial, much less of anything Irish. He truthfully continues:

"Listen to the young man tending this bookstall, as he beguiles his leisure by humming a tune. If you expect it to be Irish you will be doomed to disappointment. This year it is last London season's 'Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo;' next year it will be your already half-forgotten 'Bicycle Made for Two.' The dear old music, the inborn love and respect for literature, the pride in the intellectual records of the race—these are all gone. The novels of the Hon. Emily Lawless, whose *Grania* and *Hurrish* stand quite apart as studies of primitive west coast life, are not read in Ireland, any more than is the non-Irish fiction of Justin McCarthy. The names of Lover and Lever, of Mangan, Carleton and Gerald Griffin, have faded into a thin haze of memory."

This picture is unfortunately by no means overdrawn. The Irish people rarely read Irish books. They have no taste for their own home manufactured literary pabulum. Besides, it is not considered quite fashionable for them to peruse any volumes that have not the hall mark of London upon them. Cockney tales of lords and ladies, and books in which the doughty deeds of English

tars on the high seas are glorified, are in great demand among the rising generation of Ireland. Thus the coming men of that country are being debauched by Anglo-Saxon writers, as well as being demoralized and denationalized by such corrupt and Jingoistic literature.

It is to be hoped that some practical steps will be taken by the Irish Literary Society to stem the dangerous tide, and induce the Irish people to study the annals of their country's past, to read the effusions of their own poets, and the romances of their own national novelists, rather than the trashy rubbish which emanates from the London printing presses. The writer in the *Contemporary Review*, despite the fact that he has an antiquated notion of what the word gentleman means, deserves the thanks of Irish Nationalists for his candid criticism of Irish snobbery.

BISHOP DUNNE CONSECRATED.

The Rev. Edward J. Dunne, of All Saints' parish, was consecrated Bishop of Dallas, Texas, on the morning of Thanksgiving Day. Four archbishops, twelve bishops and over 300 priests, together with a vast congregation, assisted at the pontifical high mass and services. The ceremony took place in All Saints' church, owing to the incomplete condition of the Cathedral. THE CITIZEN will give a full account of the consecration next week.

THE Coughlin-Cronin case is now on trial before Judge Tuthill in the Criminal court. Twelve jurors were accepted by both sides, but, at the last moment, or, rather, when the trial was about to be proceeded with, the attorneys for the state objected to two of them, on the ground of alleged fatal irregularities in their impanelment. By agreement of counsel, and with the assent of Dan Coughlin himself, two suspected jurors, named Gates and Wilson, were dropped, and a new venire was issued by the Judge. Assistant Clerk Flynn, of the Criminal Court, has been suspended by Clerk Schubert pending an investigation of the whole matter.

THE ex-queen of Hawaii, whom President Cleveland would fain restore to her former position, once boasted that she had some white blood in her veins. On being asked how she came to be so fortunate, she replied, "Don't you know that my great-grandfather ate Captain Cook?"

THE three young Franco-Canadian students, who attempted to blow up "Lud" Nelson's monument in Montreal last week, did not, perhaps, take into account the very serious fact that, had they succeeded, many innocent lives must have been sacrificed. They, no doubt, acted rashly, but, may we ask, why should England insist on shoving this man Nelson's statue down the throats of the Canadian-French and the Irish-Irish, as in Montreal and Dublin? What did Nelson ever do for the French or the Irish? He was a great sailor and fighter, and also a great libertine and blackguard. His name will ever be associated with Trafalgar and—Lady Hamilton. At the latter name, Common Decency, a much neglected gentleman in the English dominions, holds his nose.

IF Hawaii is not going to be annexed to this country, the United States government should see that it will not be annexed to another. An American protectorate over these islands would suffice to warn off any European power anxious for spoils in the southern Pacific.

THE royal garter, which after the death of its late owner, Lord Derby, was removed from the latter's noble calf, is, it seems, to be bestowed on the Marquis of Lansdowne, ex-governor of India. Lansdowne is an Irish landlord of a bloodthirsty type. He has been the cause of the cruel eviction of hundreds of Irish families. Instead of presenting the noble knave with a garter, Premier Gladstone ought to provide him with a noose.

"PERFIDE ALBION" is still vindicating her claims to that far from enviable nickname. The treacherous conduct of British satraps in murdering the envoys of King Lohengula of Matabeleland who were on a mission for a treaty of peace, is truly characteristic of the conduct of her "mawjesty's" red-coats all the world over. The Matabeles were fools to have trusted the Anglo-Saxon. The massacre of Mullaghmast was the penalty which several of the Irish chieftains paid for their overweening confidence in that slimy snake.

ANOTHER Englishman, Archbishop Stoner; who resides at Rome, is spoken of as a future cardinal. Like Cardinal Vaughan, he has no sympathy with the Irish Gladstonean policy. He belongs to the "Cawtholic" nobility, of the Duke of Norfolk type, who were always the bitterest foes of Ireland.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY tells a rather piquant story regarding the heroine in his novel "Donn Quixote." The character, a rich young widow, full of impracticable philanthropic schemes, was entirely of his own creation, but shortly after the publication of his book he received a letter from a friend complimenting him on his excellent pen-portrait of Mrs. X. A year ago the novelist made the acquaintance of his heroine in the flesh. Mr. McCarthy did not, however, add—he was evidently too discreet to do so—that he purposes leading the young widow in question to the matrimonial altar in the very near future. This will be a meet epilogue to his story. Romance does not seem to be the monopoly of any particular age in the life of man. Grey-beards of seventy are ever subject to its soft and tender influence.

A ROYAL residence is the latest panacea for Ireland's ills. Should the Duke and Duchess of York graciously consent to reside in that country a week or two every year, the Irish people are expected to build them a palace in order to be enabled to bask in the sunshine of royalty. "Besides, such a concession to their love of display," as the *Times* puts it, "will make them more loyal to the Crown, and less anxious to conspire against the integrity of the Empire!" A royal residence in Ireland is desired by nobody save a coterie of Dublin dry goods merchants, and hair dressers who could make a little fortune out of the lords and ladies in York's viceregal court.

MR. CHARLES O'CONNELL, nephew of the great Repeal leader, Daniel, died recently at Lakeview House, Killarney. The Rev. Canon Brosnan, who is building a memorial church to Daniel's memory, officiated at the funeral.

MRS. VICTORIA WETTIN is sore afraid to allow her grandson to live among the Irish people—a people which she looks on as semi-savages. She fancies that he might be assassinated as was Lord Frederick Cavendish. She is, therefore, not friendly to the Royal Residence project. The poor old lady is still as bitterly anti-Irish as she was when the so-called Prince Consort taught her to believe that the Poles, as he once said in public, were no more worthy of sympathy than the Irish! Ireland anyhow, is sick of royalty *ad nauseam*. Her digestion can stand no more of it.

M. CARNOT will seek recreation next year when his present term expires. Presidents are elected for seven years in France. Carnot's only talent in politics is, like that of Justin McCarthy, the negative one of making no enemies. He owes his popularity, moreover, to the fact of his being the grandson of the famous "Organizer of Victory." It is a decided advantage at times for a man to have had an illustrious grandfather.

CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY has returned to Nice from Wiesbaden, Germany, where he spent the last few months under medical treatment for his eyes, the sight of which is now happily restored. The veteran is at present at work on his Memoirs. He is also preparing a final edition of his history of the Young Ireland movement which will be illustrated with artistically executed portraits of the leading men and women of the brilliant epoch that extended from the founding to the suppression of the *Nation*.

IT is generally believed that the air to which "My Country 'tis of Thee," and the English national hymn are set is of German origin. This is incorrect. The melody was composed by Signor Lulli, an Italian, who first introduced the opera into France. It was originally written in honor of Louis XIV. Handel asked and got permission to copy it, and presented it subsequently as his own composition to George I of England. The words in the English version of "God Save the Queen" are a patent plagiarism from the French, the first line of which is "Grand Dieu sauvez le Roi!"

THE London *Times* is responsible for the statement that the trade of Germany with India has increased three-fold in the last five years, while England's trade with that vast continent has decreased from 65 to 57 per cent John Mitchel's prophecy on the coming disintegration of the British Empire in India is evidently no longer the mere dream of a visionary.

"SIR" PATRICK BUCKLEY, the attorney general for New Zealand, is a Corkman who was educated in Louvain, Belgium. He subsequently emigrated to the antipodes. Patrick, while he was plain simple Pat, was a radical patriot, but when Victoria Wettin of England made a knight and an attorney of him the renegade Irishman partook of crow, and is now a West British flunkey in lace and ruffles.

DAN DAWSON, of Philadelphia, "poet, athlete and man of business," as he called himself, died recently in that city. Dan, who was a native of Ireland, had a real poetic gift, and produced some beautiful verses. His volume "The Fragment of a Norse Epic," had a great success. His good, warm Irish heart, as well as his Irish wit and humor, made him very populnr in the Quaker City. It is said of him that he always carried the Bible and Shakespeare about him. He was like Stedman, of New York, a practical as well as a poetical individuality who made money one day and verses the next.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. J. F., City—Next week.

"Inquirer," City—The French army "with the colors," on a peace footing, amounts to about 535,000 men. On a war footing, France can now muster, all available reserves included, 3,500,000 effectives. The peace and war strength of Germany is about the same. Russia, on a peace footing, musters 800,000 men, at least, and could muster over 4,000,000 men on a war footing. Italy, Austria and England, particularly the latter, are much behind the mighty aggregates of the three first-named military giants.

"SHORTEN SAIL."

Otherwise, the Ladies Should Abbreviate Their Voluminous Skirts on Rainy Days, When They Aid in Cleaning the Crossings With Their Superfluous Dry Goods.

Courageous New York Women About to Inaugurate a Movement That Will Prevent Lady Pedestrians From Sweeping Up Dead Rats and Things When They Walk Abroad.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Nov. 27.—What is the matter with our women? What is the matter with me? Are we all fools and cowards? I think we are. It seems true that it is possible for a woman to be really lovable and helpful, and yet be a fool and a coward. Strange, isn't it?

These thoughts are called forth by the necessity which was laid upon me of spending three rainy days in New York City. I think I can conscientiously say it is "three times and out," with me. Not that I shall remain indoors if business calls ne out in a storm, but I will have a rainy day costume that shall make my getting about an easy and healthful piece of work. I will wear it if nobody else in this round earth has one. Of course, my readers all understand that I would never be guilty of wearing a skirt that touched the pavement on a rainy or a pleasant day, but the skirt and petticoats which answer sunshine purposes will not answer in a downpour. On each of the occasions referred to, my garments were of the usual "swing clear" kind. There was the still further protection(?) of a waterproof. Then there was an umbrella and a bag. After an hour spent in tramping, crossing and re-crossing down-town streets, I was a sight to behold, and a most uncomfortable creature beside. When I sat down to lunch in an up-town restaurant my skirts were soaking wet, and if I hadn't turned on a quick stream of mental science, I should have thought myself into pneumonia or rheumatism, or something else equally distressing. As it was there was nothing in the case but discomfort. But why should I be uncomfortable? As I asked this question over a cup of hot coffee and a plate of chicken salad, a lady who could not secure a table by herself, asked permission to share mine. I hope I looked amiable, but with a mass of wet truck flopping against my legs, it is impossible to think so.

"You seem to be wet," I remarked facetiously, as the new comer took her seat.

"Wet as a drowned rat; aren't you?"

"Yes, thank you."

"I know I shall catch my death of cold, but I had to come out."

"Why did you not wear a skirt to the top of your boots?"

"Because I'm a fool. Why didn't you?"

"For the same reason. Would you wear a costume suitable for such weather if a few other women would?"

"In a minute if my husband would let me. I am crazy to."

I made no remark, but I knew that my pretty *vis a vis* would experience wet ankles every rainy day the rest of her life.

Then I went to the Woman's Press Club. The first member I encountered was Mrs. Ada Crisp Marsh, the charming sister of Speaker Crisp. I asked her the same question, for she, too, was bedraggled.

"I *you* do, *perhaps* I will," she replied. "It is a shame for women to have to drag about wet clothes in this fashion. Of course a womanly woman hates to make herself conspicuous."

Not one woman had I seen on the street that miserable day who was not conspicuous, for in their endeavor to keep their dry goods from the puddles, they had really been forced to a display which would not have been possible to the shortened costume.

Well, a few women have promised to have some rainy day dresses made immediately, and there is one woman who is going to keep her promise if the heavens fall and the earth caves in.

Now, fellow-sufferer, listen to what I am going to have. A suit of shower-proof serge, the skirt of which shall come to the top of my boots. Leggings of the same, and plain tasteful waist. The wrap will be a long cape, lined with some warm, cozy material, and trimmed, perhaps, with braid. This costume can be very tasteful and stylish, and with linen collars and cuffs, and dogskin gloves, will be esthetic, as well as hygenic and sensible. Then there must be a hat or bonnet of the serge, with a white hen's feather or two for trimming. With this rig, a waterproof will be entirely unnecessary, as this particular serge sheds the water perfectly. Such suit will be as pretty and modest as it is free and comfortable.

Will the readers who conclude to adopt this fashion kindly communicate with me? I want to count the brave ones.

* * * * *

Since this letter has all gone to dress, I will answer some of the questions about black goods that have been asked recently.

There is nothing so handsome, so stylish and so economical as the Priestly Silk Warp Henrietta. It can be made over and over, and will wash and iron as easily and as satisfactorily as linen. Then after this laundering process if one wants some more goods, this material can be matched as easily as if it were new. Soap, water and a hot iron are powerless to alter tone or sheen. The Priestly cheviots, both plain and fancy, are now very fashionale, and in great demand. These are equally economical goods. They wear beautifully and are very stylish. ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

THE sub-committee on the site of the proposed Paris World's Fair of 1900 has decided in favor of the Champ de Mars, the Trocadero and the Esplanade of the Invalides. This covers an area double that of the Paris Fair of 1889, but still not quite as large as Chicago's Jackson Park.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Cuirt an Chronnain.

A bhfad ó shoin thálnig dream daoine uasal go h-abhainn atá eidir chondae Mhuigh-Eó agus condae Ros-Comáin agus thogh siad amach áit dheas dóibh féin air bhruach no h-aibhne, agus chuireadar cúirt air bun innti. Ni raibh fhios ag duine air bith annsna bailtibh beaga thart timchioll cia an áit a d-táinig na daoine uaisle seo as. B'é MacDómhnaill an t-ainm a bhi orra. Bhi na cómharsanna le fada gan carthanas do dheunamh leó, go d-táinig plágh mhór agus bhi na daoine a' fághail bháis gach uile ceud-aibh.

Aon lá amháin bhi aon mhac baintreabhaighe boichte a' fághail bháis leis an b-plágh mhillteach, agus ni raibh braon bainne aici le n-a theanga do fhliuchadh. Chuaidh si go d t-ainn Chúirt agus d-larradar di creud do bhi si ag farraidh. D'innis si dhóibh go raibh an t-aon mhac a bhi aici a' fághail bháis leis an b-plágh agus nach raibh braon bainne aici le n-a theanga fhliuchadh. "Is cruaidh de chás ar bean-uasal a bhi annsan g-cúirt léithe, "bheurfaidh mise bainne agus leigheas duit, agus beidh do mhac chomh slán faoi cheann uaire agus bhi sé ariamh." Ann sin thug si cannastáin di agus dubhairt, "Téidh abhaile anois, ni bheidh an canna sin folamh chomh fada agus bheidheas tusa no do mhac beó, má chongbhaigheann tú an rún, gan innsint do dhuine air bith go bhfuair tú ann so é. Nuair a rachas tú abhaile cuir greim de Sheamar Mhuire annsan m-bainne, agus tabhair do d'mhac é.

Chuaidh an bhaintreabhach abhaile, chuir an Seamar Mhuire 'sa' m-bainne, agus thug deoch do'n mhac, agus d'éirigh sé faoi cheann uaire chomh slán agus bhi sé ariamh. Annsin chuaidh an bhain-treabhach trid na bailtibh leis an gcanna, agus ni raibh duine dá d-tug si deoch do nach raibh leigheasta faoi cheann uaire. Nior bh'fhada go n-deachaidh cáil Mháire ni Chiarachain, b'é sin ainm na baintreabhaighe, trid an tir, agus nior bh'fhada go raibh lán a' mála d'óragus d'airgiod aici. Aon lá amháin chuaidh Máire go pátrún Choillte-broncais, d'ól an lomarcuidh, thuit air meisge, agus léig an rún amach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

THE SPARROW'S CREED.

BY REBECCA W. EASTERBROOKS.

Three little sparrows in the snow,
Just on the sill,
Who came almost an hour ago,
And wait there still.

They look inside and peck the pane—
The sparrow's prayer—
The look, and peck, and wait again.
What do I care?

Have I not prayed and been denied?
Met no reply?
Why should the birds be satisfied
Sooner than I?

Why should I heed their hungry plea
For crumb or crust?
I will give them when God gives me,
And that is just.

But not a sparrow leaves its place
Upon the snow;
They look inside with eager face,
But will not go.

They are so sure that I will hear
Who heard before;
Having received, they feel no fear
In asking more.

"You gave us once," their glances say,
"And will again;"
And still they watch and wait and pray
Outside the pane.

My hungry heart and selfish will
Are brought to bay
By sparrows on the window-sill;
More wise than they

I ask, then murmur, then despair;
They ask—and wait.
Sure of an answer to their prayer
Early or late.

The doubting shadows turn and flee,
My eyes grow dim:
Shall sparrows have more faith in me
Than I in Him

Whose loving-kindness made me whole
In all the past,
Whose bounty has endowed my soul
From first to last?

I scatter out the food they ask
With lavish hand.
Their creed—it is an easy task
To understand.

Pray and wait, and wait and pray,
Sure of reply.
And Faith comes back to her olden sway,
Though happy sparrows fly away
Fuller than I.

INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENTS.

A Notable Quartette of Litterateurs to Appear in Central Music Hall.

On the evenings of Dec. 5 and 7 next, the management of Central Music Hall will provide two entertainments which will, without doubt, be remembered with great pleasure by all those who attend them. On these occasions James Whitcomb Riley, Douglass Shirley, Opie Read and Elwyn A. Barron will appear together in carefully selected readings from their own works. James Whitcomb Riley could alone supply material for a most interesting entertainment, and when he is accompained by the three other gentlemen named, it would seem that nothing has been omitted to make these entertainments something unique among literary affairs of the kind. Admirers of Mr. Riley should be informed that on the evenings of Dec. 5 and 7, the last two opportunities will be afforded of hearing him from the lecture platform, as he has resolved to devote his attention entirely to literary work, pure and simple, after this season. Those who have heard Mr. Riley will surely be on hand to hear him again, on the evenings named. Those who have not should not fail to take advantage of these last two chances to enjoy his inimitable recitations.

The contents of the poet's last volume, "Poems Heard at Home," far from evincing any diminution of his powers, prove conclusively that he has as yet but commenced to work the rich mine of his intellect. Besides some of the old favorites, which the audience will be sure to demand, he will give certain new selections which will be found to have all the charms of the old familiar pieces.

Mr. Douglass Shirley, the second member of this great quartette, has been associated with Mr. Riley for some time past. He is a native of Kentucky, and is well known throughout the South as a writer of vigorous and fascinating English. Some of his tales have all the originality and power of those of Edgar A. Poe, to whom he has been compared. Mr. Shirley is a man of fine presence and magnetic personality, an ornament to the lecture platform, and no unworthy coadjutor of even as remarkable a man as James Whitcomb Riley.

Opie Read and Elwyn A. Barron are so well known in our community among all lovers of literature, that any detailed comments regarding their capabilities, would seem superfluous. Mr. Read's various novels have given him high standing among the romance writers of the day, and Mr. Barron's reputation as poet, playwright or critic, stands second to that of no other of our Western authors. Mr. Barron's tragedy of the "Viking" is, perhaps, his most pretentious work, and it has received the highest commendation from the most distinguished critics of the day.

All of the gentlemen who will participate in these entertainments have made careful selection of the material to be used, and it will be strange indeed if their efforts to please are not appreciated by large and enthusiastic audiences.

RICHARD LALOR

[*United Ireland*, Nov. 18]

The death of Richard Lalor has deprived Ireland of one who by every right of faith, of devotion, and of life-long service was entitled to rank among the purest of her patriots. Descended from an ancient line familiar with battle, and engaged generation after generation for many centuries in armed conflict with the enemies of his country it was natural to him to be on the side of Ireland. Born in the year prior to the passing of the Emancipation act, he was in his teens during the fierce tithe war, one of the leaders of which was his father, Pat Lalor, some time member for Queen's county. His brother, Fintan Lalor, was one of the most revolutionary spirits of the '48 movement, and framed the policy which was the basis of the Land League movement of our time. Another brother, after losing an arm combatting against English troops in Ballarat, became member and subsequently speaker of the Victorian parliament. Richard had his pike in '48, and was ever ready to take his part in any movement which would advance his country or better her fortunes. Elected for Queen's county in 1880, he voted for the election of Charles Stewart Parnell to the chairmanship of the Irish party, and he remained true to the leader to the last and true to his memory when he had passed away.

He was close on sixty years of age at the time when he first entered parliament. He was even then a prey to ill-health. He suffered terribly from asthma, and his attendance in the house of commons and living in London during the earlier months of the year were a very severe strain upon him. But he never complained. He stuck to his post like a man as long as it was possible for him to do so. He was as gentle as a child, as brave as the bravest of his long line of fighting ancestors, and as true as steel. His judgment was swift, clear, and unerring. It was an instinct with him to do what was right. He never counted the cost, nor would he weigh the odds against him. He loved his country and her people, and gave his life to their service. When the last trial came he stood firm. He saw the men whom he had so often guided in doubtful and difficult days turn away from him; but his sorrow was not for himself, but for them that they should have been faithless found. His death thus lessens the small band that stood by the chief. Richard Power went first, now Richard Lalor. The eyes that were "not to see the green above the red" are closed forever. He did not live to witness the triumph of the principles for which through all his life he battled, but he has left behind a memory that will be forever sweet and fresh in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, a bright example which will encourage them to keep along the path trodden by him. May God have mercy on his soul.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

ERATO.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

When your lute poetizes of the past
It shakes up from their trance-enshrouded slumber
Throngs of remembered memories that number
Enchanted nights, bright days that could not last.
And strains come floating up the soul that cast
Upon it glows of momentary glamor,
Heart-tires that flash until the blood grows calmer
And age displaces youth that flew so fast.
And when the air is golden-tinged you let
Each syllable of soft solicitation
Rise up to such harmonious animation
As lark-like spurns the earth, and even would fret
In human skies, longing for something yet
As high and pure as its own inspiration.

HYMENEAL.

M'MAHON—LAMB.

The marriage ceremony, which united in wedded bliss Miss Minnie McMahon and Mr. Matthew Lamb, occurred on Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 5 o'clock p. m., at Nativity church, Thirty-seventh and Dashiel streets, Rev. Father Cartan officiating. Miss Clara McMahon, sister of the bride, and Miss Rose Donnelly acted as bridesmaids. The groomsmen were John P. Lamb and John F. Ryan. A large number of the relatives and friends gathered at the church to witness the ceremony. As the bridal party entered, the sweet strains of music filled the sacred edifice. The wedding solo was sung by Miss M. Congdon, one of the gifted and well known teachers of instrumental and vocal music. The bride wore white satin, and carried a bunch of white roses. She was accompanied to the altar by John Lamb, brother of the groom, and Master Eddie Lamb, aged 8 years, who acted as little flower boy. A wedding reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, No. 3516 Wallace street, where the happy couple entertained about 150 of their most intimate friends and relatives. The many beautiful and costly presents which were received are the strongest evidences of the good will and high esteem of the givers. Both families are old and highly respected residents of this city. THE CITIZEN extends its hearty congratulations to the young couple.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

Mr. John O'Leary is engaged on a history of the time of his own political career. He has betaken himself from Dublin to a cozy retreat in Clontarf, where William Carleton evolved his racy stories of the Irish peasantry.—*Cork Herald*.

On the morning of Nov. 6 the remains of the late Mr. H. T. Martin, who died on the Friday previous, were removed from his late residence, Riverside, for interment in the family burying ground at Dundalk.

On Saturday morning, Nov. 11, the death was announced of Miss Maud M. Dunne of Abbey. Deceased was the daughter of Mr. John M. Dunne, ex-J.P., and evicted tenant of Lord Lansdowne at Luggacurran. Her funeral was very largely attended.

On Sunday, Nov. 12, there was a meeting of the parishioners of Castlecomer held in the Boys' National School for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means of raising funds to secure a new chapel bell and belfry.

A meeting of the council of the Gaelic League was held on Monday evening, the 13th inst., in Dublin. Among those present were T. O'Neill Russell, J. H. Lloyd, P. O'Brien, J. Hogan, M. Cusack, J. M. Cogan, T. Meehan, and R. M'S. Gordon.

Mrs. Mary Carroll, wife of a laborer at Ardpatrick, Louth, was accidentally shot in the neck, in her own house, on Nov. 13.

Munster.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Cork, has made the following appointments, which took place on Sunday, the 19th ult: The Very Rev. Dean McSwiney to the parish of St. Patrick; the Rev. Joseph Shikwin to Bandon; the Rev. Patrick O'Connell to the Ovens; the Rev. Daniel McNamara to Tracton; the Rev. Laurence Cummins and the Rev. Richard McCarthy to the Cathedral; the Rev. Bryan Mc Sweeney to Kinsale; the Rev. Michael O'Sullivan to be chaplain to the workhouse, and Rev. Patrick O'Connell, Jr., to be chaplain to the lunatic asylum.

As a result of the Nationalist demonstration in Killeagh, on Sunday, Nov. 12, branches of the Amnesty Association are about being formed in Midleton and Youghal. In the former town a preliminary meeting was held Nov. 18 in the rooms of the Young Ireland Society. The local Federationists have promised their co-operation in making the branch a success.

After an interval of six years, evictions were resumed on the Bodyke estate, Nov. 18. No resistance, such as 1888, was offered.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Limerick Amnesty Association was held in the town hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 15. Mr. Thomas O'Gorman presided.

Connacht.

The death of Mrs. Costelloe, of Willamegate street, Galway, wife of Michael Costelloe, is announced. She was only a few days ill. Her remains were taken to Loughrea, and, after high mass in the Cathedral, were interred in the family tomb. The deceased lady was only 32 years of age.

Rev. M. Clark, C. C., of Ballyhannis, was drowned on Nov. 17 while crossing a river on his way to attend one of his parishoners.

The state of the house in Ballinasloe Union is as follows: Remaining Saturday, Nov. 11, 292: admitted since, 37; born, none; discharged, 33; died, none; remaining this day, 296; corresponding period last year, 284; in infirmary, 89; fever hospital, none; tramps, 25.

Messrs. Luke Hayden, M. P., William Field, M., Patrick O'Brien, John Fitzgibbon, and several others have been committed to take their trial for the crime of "unlawful assembly," with intent to take forcible possession, on the De Freyne estate at the March Assizes in Roscommon. Mr. Hayden is member for the county.

Ulster.

A shocking accident occurred on Nov. 14 in Armagh. An errand boy named Bennett was about to lay aside a gun which his employer had handed to him, when a young man named Simmons asked him for it. The weapon suddenly discharged its contents, shattering one of the legs of Bennett, who died after amputation of the limb.

At a meeting of the Derry board of guardians on Nov. 11, a resolution was passed recommending the government to admit the Christian Brothers to a share in the parliamentary education grant.

A largely attended meeting was held in Dungannon on Nov. 13, at which resolutions were adopted approving of the proposed extension of the Midland Great Western Railway to Armagh, Dungannon, and Cookstown.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

AUTUMN ON THE HALF SHELL.

As usual, the leaves are brown,
And all the meads are yellow.
The mossy boughs are bending down
With apples red and mellow.
Along the winding orchard wall
The breezes bear the thistle,
And round the wayside buttonball
The quail begins to whistle.

A breezy curtain blurs the sky
And makes it sad and murky,
And now we dream of pumpkin pie
And contemplate the turkey.
There is a pathos in the air,
A pathos sweet and tender,
That fills the iceman with despair
And charms the chestnut vender.

The land is purple with the grape
And with the cornstalk tawny,
Which sets the small boy all agape
And grinning like a Pawnee.
The popcorn's popping with a pop
That's musical and pleasant,
And luscious is the lush porkchop
And lush the upland pleasant.

Oh, season of the cloth of gold,
When all is sweet and stilly,
And blooming in the ashen wold
Is neither rose nor lily;
O season calm, whose blooming star
Is e'er the lilac gentian,
Indeed your subtle beauties are
Too numerous to mention!
—R. K. Munkittrick in Puck.

A CLEVER RUSE.

It was in the days of the black flag, and of the nimble keel coppered to the bends, and of that square of blood red bunting which when run aloft to the maintopmast head signified "No quarter!" A round bowed Bristol trader, a bark of about 460 tons, three months out from the Avon and bound to Savanna la Mar, lay helpless off that Jamaican port in what is known to sailors as a "sheet calm."

The water floated like a breast of liquid glass, and a solemn, long drawn heave or swell ran through it. The Bristol trader, in strict correspondence with her proportions, rolled very uncomfortably indeed from side to side, bringing her wide spaces of canvas into the mast with many savage sounding whacks, until the atmosphere all about seemed filled with the noise of exploding artillery.

The heat was intense; the hour about 2 in the afternoon. The dark blue land about Blewfield's bay swam in the steamy haze and writhed as though it lived.

Seaward the junction of heaven and water was scarcely distinguishable in the parched and brassy air. The land went sloping into mere films, and nothing showed upon the face of the ocean save a large cutter rigged vessel, lifting and sinking upon the swell at the distance of about two miles away from the Bristol trader in the direction of Blewfield's bay.

"Mr. Jenkins," said the master of the Bristol ship, "drop the hand lead over the side and observe the vessel's drift."

This was done and the rate of drift reported.

"Sir," said Mr. Rogers, the captain, to his mate, "it is not my intention to founder upon a bottom of coral or go to pieces on St. John's point. Clew up and haul down everything tight and let go the anchor."

These orders were duly executed. The seamen made the decks busy with their fingers in active motion, and the chain cable roared hoarsely as the weight of the big anchor swept it smoking through the hawsepipe.

Some half dozen male passengers—women there were none—lounged upon the little poop in the sultry shadow cast by the awning. It was disheartening to see the narrow entrance to Savanna la Mar almost within reach of a 24 pounder's throw of its ball, and to be as little able to enter it as to walk to it.

"How long is this going to last?" exclaimed a planter.

"Perhaps a week, sir," answered Captain Rogers, a large, short, purple faced man who hated to be asked questions.

The planter rolled the yellow "whites" of his eyes to the heavens and tossed his hands, with a malediction betwixt his teeth.

"What's that yonder, coming round that corner of land?" exclaimed another passenger, pointing to the line of coast which the rolling cutter lay becalmed abreast of.

Captain Rogers went to the companion way, picked up the ship's telescope and leveled it.

"A picaroon!" he exclaimed, and the roar of his voice went in thunder along the decks as he bawled to his livelies to tumble up and load the carronades, and to see all ready with the small arms, and to stand by to sink the scoundrels should they dare attempt to board the ship. But it was speedily evident that the pirate's quarry was the cutter, and not the Bristol merchantman.

The picaroon was a long, black schooner, setting very low in the water, heavily rigged, showing hot an inch of canvas as she stealthily crawled over the burnished blue heave to the impulse of her long oars, or "sweeps," as though she were some gigantic marine reptile forging her way through it with movements of her antennæ.

The cutter rolled helpless, with an occasional blazing flash sunward as she lifted her wet, sparkling copper out of the water. On a sudden, however, and as though the men aboard her had but just waked from sleep, down dropped her swinging, big mainsail, oars were thrown over, and she made in the direction of the Bristol trader, slipping her cable as she rounded, without stopping to buoy her anchor.

But the picaroon buzzed fast in her wake. A puff of white cloud occasionally broke from her bow, and the black ball, ill aimed, went skimming ahead of the cutter in the direction of the Bristol merchantman like a parched pea along a table.

Before the cutter had measured half a mile the pirate was alongside and lashing the vessels together for boarding as a spider revolves a fly in its web before trotting aloft to dine off it in its hole.

There was some small crackling of blunderbusses and pistols, shouts faint in the distance and a little lifting of white smoke. The business was then ended, and with true pirate celerity the schooner was making for the blue head of coast, with the unhappy cutter towing and rolling and flashing in her wake.

This thievish piece of work had been watched with helpless wrath by Captain Rogers and his ship's company and with no small alarm by the passengers. The captain said he could swear to the schooner. She was the wickedest of all the picaroon pests of those waters. He pronounced her name, and his face was full of blood with temper as he did so.

An hour later an inshore breeze sprang up. The anchor was swiftly catheaded to a cheery chorus, and the Bristol trader was steered for the narrow passage to receive a pilot for Savanna la Mar.

By sundown the ship was moored in harbor, and everything was made snug for the night. A considerable number of vessels happened to be assembled in the port, and the picture was one of beauty and color when, on the sinking of the sun and to the blast of a heavy piece of ordnance, some score or two of radiant streaks of bunting descended fluttering to the deck from peak and masthead.

At 8 o'clock Captain Rogers went ashore to smoke a pipe in a hotel that was much frequented in those days by seafaring gentlemen. He entered a hot, long room in which already a number of captains, mates and such folk were assembled. The atmosphere was thick with tobacco smoke.

Much was made of Rogers as a man newly arrived from England. One thing leading to another, our captain presently referred to the picaroon incident he had witnessed outside the port.

"That schooner was undoubtedly the Santa Margarita," exclaimed a shipmaster.

"The cutter was from Kingston," said another. "All the owner has in the wide world was in her. He is a ruined man, I fear," and he fetched the table a mighty thwack with his great fist as he heaped a variety of sea blessings upon the pirate schooner.

"The impudence of that Santa Margarita," exclaimed a mate, a quiet, sober faced man, "goes beyond all invention! She walks off with the droghers as a boy with apples out of a field, and stoops to such filthy, mean work as plundering the poor John Canoes."

"She was playing just the same pranks when I was last here," said Captain Rogers. "Has there been nothing with a pennant at its masthead washing about these waters of late? How is it that the epaulets are allowing this little cruiser to have it all her own way?"

"The Firefly was down here on a cruise three or four weeks ago," said one of the captains, "and chased the Margarita for six hours. I'd have thought she would have loitered till she'd snugged the gang of cutthroats under her own hatches."

"She was called away to carry dispatches," said some one.

"The Firefly's not a patch on the Margarita in sailing," exclaimed a shipmaster. "I'm junked if she didn't scandalize her mainsail out of sheer bravado when the Firefly was winking at her with a bow chaser a couple of miles astern dead in her wake!"

"That's where it is!" cried Captain Rogers. "If it was not for the greased lightning of the beggar's keel, I'd offer my ship to chase her with and take my chance of a shindy at home for detention if I was long in catching her. But bless me, gentlemen! There's nothing is this port, there's nothing commanded by any of you, that's going to look at her in a breeze of wind, while in a dead calm—why, she came buzzing out this afternoon from round the corner like a 10 oared galley to the thrust of her long sweeps!

"Yet we ought to nab her, friends," he concluded, "we ought to nab her. Her existence is a standing degradation to the red flag of our country. A thought occurred to me this afternoon while I was watching her walking off with the cutter. Are we all true men here?"

He rose as he spoke the words and took a critical survey of the people round about him. Indeed he had need to be wary, for often it happened that the picaroons of those days were secretly owned or employed by persons who were esteemed of good standing and credit in the West Indian colonies.

But all the people in the long room this night were Englishmen and sailors. Every man could have named the ship he belonged to. Being satisfied on this head, Captain Rogers communicated his scheme.

It was very warmly received. The offers of assistance were far in excess of the requirements of the little conspiracy. For an hour or so the matter was debated, and the company then dispersed, with the understanding that all was to be in readiness by sunset the next evening.

At the hour when the sun sank the next day a large sloop, hoisting her mainsail and stay foresail, floated quietly out of the harbor through the narrow passage before a weak offshore breeze. The vessel was about five and twenty tons burden, rigged with one mast and had been lately employed in carrying sugar along the coast. She was unarmed. Her flush deck swept clear from the taffrail to the "eyes."

The night that followed sundown was one of rich tropic beauty. The moon was at her full. Her wake flowed in a river of greenish splendor across the black surface of the water, but the night beam was so clear and piercing that the eye easily followed the hard, firm sweep of the line of the horizon.

When the sloop had gained an offing of about two miles, the weak breeze scanted, then fell dead, and the hush of the night, solemn with its beauty, came down upon the sea.

The sloop let go her anchor, but kept her sails hoisted, and the whiteness of the cloths in the light of the moon was like a beacon of white fire delicately burning a long way off on the ocean. It was remarkable that though about midnight a light breeze sprang up, the sloop showed no disposition to get her anchor and make a second start for her destination, wherever that might be.

Her sails trembled in the wind. They were useless, yet she kept them aloft. Seemingly her notion was to be under command so as to get away at any moment by slipping, as the cutter had done before the picaroon walked off with her.

Sometimes a single figure stumped the deck; sometimes three or four. Time after time one or another of those figures would carefully sweep the sea line, more particularly in the direction of the land, with a binocular glass. But all remained silent and motionless out upon the sea. Nothing stirred but a few shreds of steam white vapor sailing athwart the stars, and the water wrinkling under the delicate brushing of the breeze.

Thus passed the night. The dawn broke in a violet gleam along the eastern seaboard. Presently up rose the sun, and the wide scene of ocean and distant shadow of land was flashed out blue and brilliant into the tropic day.

It was then that the stout, red faced man, dressed in a wide straw hat and an old monkey jacket, ceased in his walk to and fro on the sloop, and picking up a telescope knelt down and pointed it.

"At last!" he exclaimed, addressing another stout, red faced man alongside of him, clothed in a plain sleeved waistcoat and an old pair of Wellington boots. "There they are, Perren, and about time, too! A pretty long job of waiting this has been certainly!"

The other man took the glass, directed it and stared long and keenly through the lenses.

"Yes," said he. "There they are, right enough."

The object at which he pointed the telescope was a mere black speck as yet in the thin, blue haze upon the sea under the land. But she developed her bulk apace as she came along, urged by a number of long oars, which rose and fell at her sides like hairs of gold.

She was a low, long, black hulled schooner, unquestionably the identical picaroon which had excited the wrath of Captain Rogers. She showed no color, and her sails were furled, for the weak draft of wind that now blew was right in her teeth as she came heading direct for the sloop.

The two stout, red faced men walked the deck together and seemed to give no heed to the approaching craft. They were the only persons visible and might for the matter of that have formed the entire crew of the little vessel. The schooner drew alongside, and when she was within a half dozen cables' length some 20 or 30 men came tumbling up out of her main hatch, and in a trice her decks were full of people.

Beauties they were! Never had the eye rested upon a choicer assemblage of scoundrels. They were black, white and yellow; negroes, chocolate colored Spaniards, renegade Englishmen, tawny with fierce usage of the sun, draped in as many costumes as there were men—in red and blue and white shirts, in colored breeches, in grass hats, with sashes round their waists, deadly weapons strapped to their hips and the butt end of pistols gleaming on their breasts.

In perfect silence, without the preliminary courtesy of so much as a hail, the schooner approached. The motions of the rowers were directed by signs by a tall, scowling desperado who stood near the main rigging. The long sweeps were tossed inboards, the helm put down, and the vessel in tragic stillness ranged alongside the sloop. Then the hush was broken by the tall ruffian shouting orders to lash the two vessels together.

At this instant the stout, red faced man, who was indeed no less a personage than our friend, Captain Rogers, put a whistle to his lips and blew shrilly. Both men then whipped off their clothes to their shirt sleeves and sprang for a couple of cutlasses concealed behind the mast.

In a breath, in response to the summons of the whistle, a whole mass of powerful men came pouring out of the hatch of the sloop. They were armed to the teeth, and as they rushed up they delivered one of those vast, hurricane "hurrahs" which, as delivered by British throats, have been known again and again to paralyze the enemy.

"Now, my friends," roared Captain Rogers, "now we have them! Total submission or no quarter!"

The fine old fellow sprang for the rail and was followed by the mass of men—all of them captains and mates of merchantmen except some half dozen able seamen.

Never was there a deadlier, more heroic boarding rush. It was an affair of about five minutes only—howls and yells, cuts and thrusts, the gleam of brandished steel, the crackling of pistols, followed by some dozen of the miscreants jumping overboard, while the rest were driven, bleeding and shrieking for mercy, down the hatch.

There are aged men who still talk of this memorable capture. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon the little sloop and her prize, the schooner, had floated safely through the narrow passage and entered the harbor of Savanna la Mar, where, their arrival being confidently expected and eagerly awaited, they were received by thunderous salvos from the guns of the numerous merchantmen.

Seven of the captured pirates, the most desperate cutthroats of the gang, were gibbeted along the coast and dangled in chains for many a long month afterward. The rest were variously disposed of.—W. Clark Russell in Youth's Companion.

National Greatness.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may enlarge the sphere of its influence. They may adorn it, but in their nature they are but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man. The surest tokens of this grandeur in a nation are that Christian beneficence which diffuses the greatest happiness among all, and that passionless, godlike justice which controls the relations of the nation to other nations and to all the people committed to its charge.—Sumner.

In northern New York the popular name for a span of black horses is a "team of crows." A five cent cigar is called a "nickel torch."

HOW LONG THEY LIVE

IMPORTANT CONCLUSIONS BASED ON RELIABLE STATISTICS.

Massachusetts Records Show That Farmers Live Longest—Then Come Active Mechanics and Judges—Telegraphers and Bookkeepers Are Short Lived.

During 34 years and 8 months there died in the state of Massachusetts 161,801 men over 20 years of age, whose occupations were specified in the registry of their decease. The average age at which they died was 51 years. The number is so great and the period covered is so long that by the study of the classification of the employment of those dead we can get a very fair idea of the comparative ages at which men in different occupations and in an ordinarily healthy community are swept away by death.

It is noticeable that of all who died the cultivators of the earth attained the highest average age—about 65½ years. They made up more than a fifth of the total number. We all know why farmers as a class, not only in this, but in all countries, should live to a ripe old age. They enjoy good air and are free from many of the cares that beset those living in the cities, to say nothing of the constant noise and excitement which destroy the nerves and rack the system. It is rarely that a farmer dies before his head is gray. Farmers as a rule, too, do not to any great degree indulge in alcoholic beverages. One important fact must be taken into consideration concerning the farmer and his age, which is that the weaklings of the farmer's family do not as a rule remain on the farms after attaining an age fitting them for some pursuit. Such are sent to the cities to choose a trade or a profession, and only the strong and healthy ones who are fitted for the work are retained upon the farm.

The class next to the farmers in the average of life is that class called "active mechanics abroad," such as brickmakers, carpenters, masons, tanners, millwrights, riggers, calkers, slaters and stonecutters, but the average age of the 12,000 of them who died in Massachusetts during the period mentioned was much below that of the farmers. It was only about 52½ years—a little over a year more than the average age of all the classes together. Of all these outdoor trades, the ship carpenters showed the highest age—more than 59—and the slaters, who pursue a dangerous calling, the lowest—about 40. The average age of all the others of these trades, except the stonecutters and the brickmakers, was about 51, and above the average of all the classes.

Next to the active mechanics abroad come the professional men, whose average age at death was over 51. Of this class the longest lived were the judges and justices, proverbially celebrated for their great years. They lived on the average 64 years and led all the trades and professions except the farmers, over 65, and those denominated as gentlemen, 68, the highest average age attained by any of the classes. The deaths in only six different occupations were at an average above 60. They were, first, the gentlemen, 68; second, the farmers, 65; third, the judges, 64; fourth, the lighthouse keepers, 63; fifth, the basketmakers, 61, and sixth, the pilots, 60. In some countries clergymen are the longest lived, but in Massachusetts they fell below all these six classes, the average age of the 1,100 of them who died during the 34 years being only a little above 59.

Of the professional men, those set down as students died at the earliest age, the average being only about 23. Then came the professors, well over 57 years; then the lawyers, 56 years; then the physicians, over 55 years; public officers, 55. Sheriffs, constables and policemen died at the average age of 53, while actors and reporters were gathered into the tomb before they had completed their forty-seventh year. The lives of comedians were also short, hardly reaching 39 years on the average, and dentists were cut down at an average age of 42. The artists also died early, their average age being 44 years. The musicians lived only to 42, and the teachers died at about the same age.

The merchants, financiers, agents and clerks come next after the professional men, and one of the classes included under this head, that of gentlemen, exceeded all others in its average, over 68 years. The bankers, who lived on the average to more than 59 years, were the longest lived of this class, and then came bank officers, nearly 56; merchants, over 54; booksellers, about 53; manufacturers, 52, and innkeepers and brokers, 50 years.

The shortest lived of their class were the telegraphers, who died at the average age of 28. Clerks and bookkeepers also died early—at the age of 36. Railroad agents and conductors departed this life on the average at about 40 years, and druggists and apothecaries at 42, while saloon and restaurant keepers were put to final rest at 41. Next in order came the active mechanics in shops and the laborers of no special trades, the average of both being a little short of 48. Of the first class the longest lived were the coopers, their average age at death being about 49 years. Next to them, total abstinence people will be surprised to learn, came the distillers—58 years.—Washington Star

Postmortem Judgment.

A little girl of 5 years recently used the expression "postmortem judgment." Upon her brother's questioning her and insisting that she should define it, she said:

"Well, if you do a thing and then afterward wish you had done another thing, that's postmortem judgment."—Journal of Education.

Explicit Directions.

Inspector Perron of the Fall River central police station says that one of his countrymen left the following directions at a livery stable in Flint village: "I don't speak English too much. Put my horse on the barn and rub him in. If he's dry, drink him and eat a quart of oats."—Providence Journal.

Newspaper Enmities.

Mr. Murat Halstead, writing in "The Making of a Newspaper" about his early editorial experiences, speaks of Charles Hammond of the Cincinnati Gazette as the Ohio editor who was paramount in the forties and fifties. He was a Whig, an ardent supporter of Henry Clay and in general a very dignified and severe sort of man. Mr. Halstead tells one story, however, which shows that he must have had other qualities.

Mr. Hammond and Robert T. Lytle, the most accomplished Democrat of his day in Ohio, had been out together on a long walk, when it occurred to the editor of The Gazette that he was expected to furnish a leader for the next day and must make haste to do so.

Lytle, loath to part with such good company, followed him, making an unaccustomed appearance in a Whig office. The shades of night were falling fast. Lytle patiently held a candle while Hammond wrote rapidly for almost an hour, when, with an expression of gratification that his work was well done, he thanked his friend for his polite and gracious attention, called a printer, handed him the copy, mentioned that he did not care to see the proof, and the two distinguished gentlemen resumed their promenade and finished the festival.

The next day it occurred to Lytle to look into The Gazette and see what had been produced by the pen of a ready writer while he held the candle, and to his surprise and disgust that gradually became amusement he found that it was a very bright, and he thought extravagantly overdone, though not absolutely malicious, assault upon himself, in which his shortcomings as a politician were unsparingly reviewed, but his personal cleverness admitted with a funny pretense of reluctance.

She Got It at a Bargain.

A woman in whose company the scribe recently found herself was relating with some pride an instance of her own shrewdness. She remarked as a sort of preface to her story that any one who wanted to get the best of her would have to be an early riser. Said she:

"I wanted a screen in the worst way. I didn't want a cheap, common looking one, and I did not want to pay for an expensive one. So one rainy day I started out to look at screens in all the best stores. Of course they didn't bother me when I said I was 'only looking,' so I wandered around among the screens at my own sweet will. There was one—a paper one, but awfully pretty—that just suited me. Unfortunately my long umbrella got in the way, and I punched a couple of holes in the back of it. I was frightened, for I thought I ought to pay for that screen, and I really could not afford it. By and by a clerk came along and I asked him the price of it.

"'That's $8,' said he, consulting the tag.

"'But it's badly damaged,' I objected, mildly. 'Couldn't you let me have it for less? See these holes!'

"And when he had consulted the head of the department he reduced the screen to $5, and I bought it. Of course I didn't like to pay the expressage out to Evanston, but I consented when I realized that I had saved $3, and by paying for the screen I had damaged had squared things with my conscience. Besides, it was really a pretty screen."—Chicago Times.

Sham Knowledge.

It is easy enough to learn what the gypsies call the "patter" of various professions. One can discourse learnedly, on leaving a concert hall, concerning the value of the music he has heard, or he may criticise a picture, with the proper references to "foreshortening," "high lights," "middle distance" and the rest of it.

"It is a fine poem—yes, a very fine poem," said a would be critical friend to an author, "but you will excuse me for saying I don't think you have a perfect understanding of the sonnet form. The pause hardly comes in the right place."

The author bowed and smiled merrily, and afterward a common friend said to him:

"You seem to take criticism very cheerfully."

"Bless you," said he, "that isn't criticism, but it amuses Tom to deliver it. The poem he was talking about isn't a sonnet at all. It has 19 lines."

Agassiz was once asked what he thought of an attack made on his scientific position by a certain scholar and thinker who had a book knowledge of the different theories advocated by the representatives of science, and decided that Agassiz must be ranked in the second or third class. He burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, just think of it!" he said. "He undertakes to fix my place among zoologists, and he is not a zoologist himself! Why, he has never even been an observer!"—Youth's Companion.

The Innocent Car Driver.

This conversation was overheard on the front platform of a horse car between a very tipsy passenger and the driver. The passenger was unsteady and chatty, and the driver wearied of his prattle.

"Oh, don't talk to me," said the driver finally. "I want to tend to business."

"'Scuse me, boss," mumbled the chatty passenger, a trifle humbly, and then abruptly, after a moment's reflection, as having struck a happy thought, "Wha' y' drink?"

"Well, I don't drink water," replied the driver, without relaxing in severity, "Beer?"

"I didn't say so."

"Well, here, have somethin wi' me," and the inebriate, who had been saved by the driver half a dozen times from pitching over the dashboard, handed some small change to the driver and jumped off the car, promising to wait at the corner till the driver returned. The driver turned to the reporter, who chanced to have overheard this dialogue.

"I know pretty well how to work these old stiffs," he said. "I sometimes make pretty near a day's wages out o' 'em. Why, I've made as much as $2 a day. I made 30 cents out of this stiff—and I don't drink a drop."—New York Sun.

A CHIEF WITHOUT A TRIBE.

How Wild Hog's Band of Cheyennes Was Exterminated In 1879.

Wild Hog is the name of a Cheyenne chief, albeit he is a chief without a tribe. About 14 years ago his name was known throughout the United States, and for weeks millions of people looked in the morning papers daily to see what he was doing. For a time he filled western Kansas and Nebraska with terror. Now he resides at Pine Ridge agency and is one of the poorest and most dilapidated Indians on the reservation.

In January, 1879, Wild Hog and the tribe of Cheyenne Indians of which he was chief were removed to the Indian Territory. Becoming dissatisfied with their new homes, they broke out, and under the leadership of Wild Hog struck out northward through Kansas and Nebraska. Many depredations were committed on the way. The Indians killed about 40 citizens, outraged 10 women and destroyed nearly $40,000 worth of property. Wild Hog always claimed that this deviltry was the work of a few young bucks who were beyond his control and that they escaped to the reservation. During the flight northward the United States army was always about one day behind the Indians.

Finally Wild Hog and about 200 warriors, together with their women and children, went into Fort Robinson and surrendered. Inducements were offered the Indians to return to the Indian Territory, but they refused to do so. Finally they were disarmed, but in the effort to do so several soldiers and more Indians were killed. Wild Hog was put in irons and confined in the guardhouse. The other Indians, including their wives and children, were confined in a long, low log building which had previously been used as barracks. Upon their continued refusal to go back peaceably to the Indian Territory an effort was made to subdue them by starvation. They were deprived of food, water and fuel and closely guarded. But they were tough, and even after several days, which must have been ones of suffering, were still obdurate. It was supposed that they were completely disarmed, but in some manner they had been able to retain a few revolvers.

After a few days of seemingly quiet subjection the vigilance of the soldiers was in a measure relaxed and the guard reduced to six in number. Suddenly in the night these were shot down, every one of them being killed outright or disabled. The Indians then rushed out and fled up Soldier Creek canyon. The breaks and hills of Pine Ridge were about half a dozen miles away, and it was the hope of the Indians to reach them before the sleeping soldiers could overtake them. It was a wild race across the ice and snow. Many of the Indians were barefooted and left a trail of blood. Encumbered with their women and children, they made slow progress.

The garrison, aroused by the shots that destroyed the guards, were soon in pursuit. Captain Wessel of the Third cavalry was in command. They came upon the Indians in a little ravine, or coolie, about two miles north of the fort. They made a stand and fought bravely, but were without arms, and the rifles of the cavalry made short work of them. After the soldiers had exhausted all their ammunition there were but a few live Indians, and these were charged upon and cut down with the sword. Wild Hog's tribe was entirely wiped out. Not a man, woman or child was left of the entire band. But Wild Hog was safely locked up in the guardhouse at Fort Robinson, and that is how he comes to survive—a chief without a tribe.—St. Louis Republic.

Curious Old Letters.

According to the thirteenth report of the historical manuscripts commission, the commissioners found in the collection of Sir W. Fitzherbert an unusually curious and interesting set of documents, evidently the original letters of the secret correspondence between the courts of France and England during the reign of Charles II. The only ciphers, as a rule, made use of were certain numbers in the place of names. The body of each letter seems to have been written in an ordinary hand with sympathetic ink, probably with lemon juice, as is suggested by Coleman himself in a letter of his printed in the state trials, which, having once been brought to light, is still legible, though oftentimes faint.

Sometimes the whole of a letter has been written in this light brown ink. Sometimes the secret writing occurs as a part only of a letter, of which the rest is written in common black ink upon ordinary, harmless topics. Sometimes it appears as interlineations throughout a letter written with common black ink. In order to bring out these characteristics as far as possible, these 20 letters have been copied line by line, as in the originals, italics being used to represent the common black ink and the usual type being used to represent those portions which are written with the sympathetic ink.—London Globe.

A London View of Us.

There are few women in the far western districts of America, and therefore the male population are bachelors of necessity. The other day a ranchman known as Alkali Ike rode up to the open door of a cottage and without dismounting said: "How are you, Widder McNabb? Nice weather we're havin. Will you be my wife, Mrs. McNabb?" "What do you mean?" expostulated the indignant Mrs. McNabb. "I'm not a widow. Where's Jim?" Alkali Ike looked at his watch. "Let's see," he said; "half past 4. The reform committee started for the pine forest with Jim at five minutes to 3. They probably gave him 10 minutes before slingin him up to a tree bough. If there wasn't any hitch in the programme Jim's been hangin about eight minutes. Wish you'd give me an answer as soon as possible, widder, for the chairman of the committee was goin to start for here to ask you to be his wife as soon as he could put on a clean collar. Took it to the tree in his pocket, and if he didn't lose his collar button down his back he's just about a quarter of a mile from here now."—London Telegraph.

RAILROAD SCRAP IRON.

It Is Carefully Saved, Assorted and Then Sold by the Companies.

Nothing goes to waste on a big railroad, and every scrap of iron and much secondhand material is valued at a fixed price and carried on the books as so much stock on hand. The system followed by the storekeeper's department of one railroad is a sample of many. The secondhand metals are gathered and placed in piles, regularly assorted.

Then they are classified by the foreman and taken into stock by the storekeeper or assistant. There are regular schedules—one of material which can be used again, which is denominated secondhand, and another of material which has to be melted before it can be used, which is known as scrap.

The classes are arranged something after the following order: Steel scrap, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, at prices ranging from $28 a ton down; wrought iron, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4; cast iron, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4. Even borings are taken into account, brass borings being credited at eight cents per pound and brass scrap and copper at twelve.

This material is shipped to division headquarters when a carload has accumulated. Here it is disposed of by the storekeeper on order of his chief, being shipped in carloads to big dealers in old metals in large cities. Much of it goes to Pittsburg, Cincinnati and such points. Orders for as high as 500,000 pounds of one kind of material are occasionally received from single firms. Most of the secondhand material is used over again in the shops, but it is previously taken on the books at a fixed price by the storekeeper and is charged up to the account of the articles for which it is used. All usable No. 1 wrought iron is received and charged up at 1½ cents a pound, and cast iron at one cent.—Philadelphia Call.

Cannibalism In Saghalien.

The Vladivostock, a newspaper published in eastern Siberia, reveals a terrible state of affairs among the convicts on the island of Saghalien. It would appear that the convicts there have been treated by some of the subordinate prison authorities so harshly that the governor of the island has been obliged to interfere for their protection.

A warder named Khanoff and some of his assistants, who at one time were convicts themselves and had been raised to the rank of jailers, have been removed from their posts. Khanoff's treatment of the prisoners was so abominable that a number of them crippled themselves, cutting off fingers and toes, in order to be treated as invalids and to be freed from his terrible cruelties. Others fled to the impenetrable forest, where they suffered all the horrors of hunger.

In a satchel belonging to a fugitive convict who had been hunted down were found some pieces of human flesh. Investigation revealed that this man had been one of a party of four, and that only one of them now remained. The others had been killed and devoured by their comrades. Similar cases of cannibalism are, according to the Siberian journal, not infrequent.

In Frozen Russia.

In Russia, where the cold is very intense, the markets are very curious things. The meat is frozen; the carcases of dead animals, as sheep and pigs, stand upright outside the stalls; everything, even game and poultry, requires to be thawed before it can be cooked, and the market people's dress is as picturesque as it is warm and comfortable.

Then the rivers are frozen over all the winter long, and so thick is the ice that every one can skate, anywhere and any time. Stalls are put up on the ice and busy markets held there.

In the Asiatic part of Russia the people live chiefly by hunting and fishing, and the fur of the Russian animals is very beautiful—the ermine, fox, sable, sea otter and others.

At the end of the winter, when the snow melts, the huntsman pursues the elk, wearing long shoes, in which he can glide over the snow very quickly, while the poor elk sinks into the snow deeper and deeper every step and is at last overtaken and killed.—Good Words.

A Widow.

Our house servant is a Japanese, polite as are most of his race. Among his duties is taking care of the chickens. One day he chanced to find a nest of fine eggs at the barn, away from the chicken yard, contributed by a hen that had escaped from the others, and as a consequence the eggs were not fertile. In ignorance of this fact, however, an old lady of our household—a widow—immediately put a hen to "set" on them. Biddy stuck to business, but to no purpose. When the required time had more than elapsed, the lady was very much put out and puzzled that no chickens had been hatched. Turning to the Jap, she said, "What do you suppose is the matter of those eggs, George?" George (bowing low): "Excuse me, ma'am, excuse me, but I t'ink [bows again], I t'ink that hen was a widow." Widow satisfied.—California Review.

Told at the Liars' Club.

"No sooner was I seated in the chair than the barber commented on the weather and directed a current of discourse into my ears.

" 'Je ne comprend pas,' said I, with an inward chuckle, thinking his volubility would be checked.

"In very good French he started in afresh. I looked at him as if bewildered and then interrupted him by asking:

" 'Was sagen Sie?'

"He began to repeat in German all that he had been saying, when I shut him off with:

" 'Oh, talk to me with your fingers. I'm deaf and dumb!' "—Truth.

Their Belief.

Bloomfield—There are very few infidels in Arizona, New Mexico and the other territories.

Bellefield—Is that so?

Bloomfield—Yes; every man there believes in a future state.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

More Haste, Less Speed.

It was 9 p. m., and Herr August Glimmermann stood ready equipped in traveling costume. He put on his gloves and his hat, snatched up his plaid, turned the gas off and was about to leave the room, preparatory to starting on a long journey through Germany and Italy, when in the dark his sleeve swept over the table, in consequence of which something dropped on the floor, which, to judge from the sound, must have been a coin. Although during his absence no one could enter the room, as he was in the habit of locking it and taking the key with him, yet he thought it better not to leave the money lying about, but secure it in his purse.

He therefore relighted the gas, and found that the coin was only a copper of the value of 1 penny sterling. Putting it in his purse, he hurried out of the room and quickly locked the door, for it was just striking 9, and his train left at 9:18, so that he had only just time to catch it. Eight months later Glimmermann, on his return from Italy, unlocked the door of his room and went in. Ha! what is that? The gas was burning merrily just as he left it after lighting it to seek the dropped coin, he having forgotten to turn it off again in his hurry, and a couple of days later he was presented with a gas bill to the amount of £1 5s. 3½d.

"Hang it," he said, with a sigh, on paying the money, "the old proverb, 'Festina lente,' is not so far wrong after all."—Humoristische Blatter.

Joe Jefferson's Boxing Lesson.

Rising young actors usually guard their positions with a jealous eye, and during the early life of Joseph Jefferson he was no exception to the rule. When under the management of Dion Boucicault, "The Octoroon" was produced, and in the announcement of the papers Jefferson's name did not appear. Being one of the principals in the drama, he naturally felt indignant, and so he sent his part to the theater with a note in which he resigned from his engagement until a new arrangement could be entered into. About this time Jefferson was suffering from dyspepsia and conceived the idea that the gentle exercise of boxing would relieve him. He engaged a professor of the "manly art," and his boxing lessons were given in the drawing room of the house where he was living.

The day following his resignation he and the professor were indulging in a "fierce exchange," when, suddenly looking over his opponent's shoulder, he discovered the amazed faces of Dion Boucicault and William Stuart. They stood aghast at the scene and fancied that Jefferson intended settling his difficulties by an appeal to science and had secured the services of a professional bruiser to assist him. Their alarm was soon set at rest by Jefferson, who dismissed the pugilist and came to a more explicit understanding without the aid of the Marquis of Queensberry.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Moon, Ahoy!"

Regarding the seamanship of one of the members of the Massachusetts naval reserve: The incident occurred during the trip on the cruiser San Francisco, and voluminous as was the commendatory report of their doings which was sent to the navy department it did not include this incident.

On the second night that the reserves were at sea one of the amateur tars was on the watch. He was a Boston man. The night was clear and beautiful. Myriads of stars twinkled in the heavens, but there was no moon. Suddenly the reserve sang out:

"Light ahoy!"

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Far, far away," replied the would be man-o'-war's man.

When the officer had recovered from the shock occasioned by this unseamanlike answer, he looked over the rail in the direction pointed out by the man from Boston. Then he had another fit. The stern discipline which prevails on a cruiser at sea did not allow him to swear, but there was a word of meaning in the way in which he growled out: "What's the matter with you? Can't you recognize the rising moon when you see it?"

"Moon! Moon!" stammered the embryo sea dog. "I beg your pardon, sir." Then he shouted, as if making amends for his error, "Moon, ahoy!"—Boston Home Journal.

A Balloon Screw.

Some very interesting experiments have been recently made by M. Mallet respecting the action of a screw in producing vertical propulsion in a balloon, the results of which have been presented to the Academy. The screw was designed and set to work by M. Langlois de Saumier. It has a diameter of 7½ feet and turns round a vertical shaft fixed by two clamps to one of the sides of the car. M. Mallet succeeded, by imparting to the screw a velocity of 100 revolutions a minute, in raising the balloon, which has a capacity of 28,000 cubic feet, through a vertical space in the same time of 333 feet.

Frequent repetitions of the same experiment invariably gave the same results. As the screw revolved, it necessarily caused the balloon to rotate also, but the movement was not found to produce any inconvenience, since the velocity did not exceed 0.04 of a complete revolution in a second. The author concluded his communication by a series of observations upon this particular mode of propulsion, pointing out that it was exceedingly well adapted for purposes of scientific experiments.—Genie Civil.

Without Argument.

A young lawyer talked four hours to a jury, who felt like lynching him. His opponent, a grizzled old professional, arose, looked sweetly at the judge and said:

"Your honor, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished and submit the case without argument." Then he sat down, and the silence was large and oppressive.—London Tit-Bits.

GENESIS OF THE STEAMBOAT.

Ancient Craft That Foreshadowed the Modern Greyhounds of the Sea.

The first steamboat was built by Dennis Papin, who navigated it safely down the Fulda as long ago as 1707. Unfortunately this pioneer craft was destroyed by jealous sailors, and even the very memory of it was lost for three-quarters of a century. In 1775 Perrier, another Frenchman, built an experimental steam vessel at Paris. Eight years later, in 1783, Jouffroy took up the idea that had been evolved by Papin and Perrier and built a steamer, which did good service for some time on the Saone.

The first American to attempt to apply steam to navigation was John Fitch, a Connecticut mechanic, who made his initial experiments in the year 1785. To what extent Fitch was indebted to the three illustrious French inventors named above we are not informed, but that his models were original there is not the least doubt. In the first he employed a large pipe kettle for generating the steam, the motive power being side paddles worked after the fashion of oars on a common rowboat. In the second Fitch craft the same mode of propulsion was adopted with the exception that the paddles were made to imitate a revolving wheel and were fixed to the stern—clearly foreshadowing the present stern-wheeler.

This last mentioned boat was the first American steam vessel that can be pronounced a success. It made its first trip to Burlington in July, 1788. But, after all, it was not until after the opening of the present century that steam navigation started into actual life. In 1807 Robert Fulton (who every school child knows was an American), in conjunction with one Robert R. Livingston, built the Clermont, and established a regular packet service between New York and Albany.

The success of this undertaking was so satisfactory that four new boats were built before the end of 1811, at least two of them being designed for service in other rivers.—St. Louis Republic.

The Man In the Iron Mask.

A letter to Louvois by Louis XIV, written in cipher, has been long in the archives of the ministry of war and has at length been deciphered. In it the king orders Louvois to arrest General de Burlonde for having raised the siege of Conti without permission, to send him to Pignerol and to conceal his features under a loup, or black velvet mask. The order was executed, and the presumption is therefore violent that the "Man In the Iron Mask"—it was a black velvet one with iron springs—was General de Burlonde. The story tallies with the known fact that the prisoner made repeated attempts to communicate his name to soldiers; that he was treated with respect by his military jailers, and that Louis XV, who knew the truth of the whole affair, declared it to be a matter of no importance. The difficulty is to discover the king's motive for such a precaution, but he may have feared discontent among his great officers or the soldiery. It must, however, be possible to discover from the lists in the war office whether General de Burlonde was recorded as "missing" or "dead" about the right time.—Saturday Review.

Tricks In All Trades.

The young doctor was sitting in his consultation room chatting with a friend when some one entered the outer office. He stepped out, and the friend heard him say:

"Pray take a seat. I'll be at liberty in a few minutes."

Then he came back into the consultation room and closed the door after him.

"I'll skip," said the friend.

"Not for the world. Sit down," said the doctor.

"But you have a patient waiting."

"Well, it's a woman. Let her wait about 15 minutes."

"You may lose her business."

"On the contrary, I'll get it regularly. I always make them wait."

"Why?"

"To give the impression of a rush of business. It is the only way to keep a woman. If she thought I wasn't rushed to death, she'd lose confidence in me and go somewhere else."—Chicago Record.

A Cabman's Revenge.

A good story is told of a stipendiary magistrate in a Yorkshire town, not given to err on the side of leniency, who heavily fined a cabman for fast driving. A few days after the magistrate, detained rather longer than usual in the court, was hurrying along to catch his train when, seeing an empty cab handy, he hailed the driver and directed him to proceed to the station, telling him that he was pressed for time. The driver, however, heedless of the hint, kept to a gentle trot. "I say, I say, my man," exclaimed the fare, with his head out of the window, "drive faster than this!" "It can't be done, sir," replied the driver. "Ye see, if we drives faster we're had up afore the 'beak,' and we gets fined, so we has to be careful." He did not alter his pace, and neither did the "beak" catch his train.—London Tit-Bits.

Women Usurers.

Women are, as we know, invading most trades and professions, but it is interesting, says the London Lady, and not a little startling to learn that they have even taken to the doubtful one of usury. "You would hardly credit," said a well known solicitor recently, "what a huge number of women money lenders there are about." Many of them have small private connections only, obliging feminine friends or acquaintances pressed for the amount of some dressmaker's or milliner's bill with temporary loans at interest. But there are others who go in for it extensively—advertise, and, in fact, make quite a handsome income out of it.

The Nurse's Business.

The Caller—Do the children mind you when the mother is out?

The Nurse—I don't require any minding, ma'am. I was not hired for them to mind me, but for me to mind them.—New York Press.

SELF SACRIFICE.

Without a Justifiable Motive It Becomes a Sentimental Vagary.

Young Lanyan, the midshipman, who went down with Admiral Tryon on the Victoria, was a sentimental lad. "You had better jump," cried the admiral to the boy.

"I'd rather stay with you," was the midshipman's reply.

The boy's loyalty to the admiral was pathetic, but it was a barren display of affection. The admiral was right. The lad ought to have jumped and made a resolute effort to save his life. The admiral had weighty reasons for preferring to stay at his post. The midshipman's life was flung away from sheer excess of sentiment.

Equally wasteful and unjustifiable was the zeal of a New Jersey workman, who listened to a lady's frantic appeal for the rescue of her dog, which was floundering in a pond. She fancied that her pet was in extreme danger. The workman plunged into the water and swam out to the dog. There he was suddenly attacked with cramp and was drowned before the lady's eyes. The dog swam ashore and barked from the bank at the rescuer, whose intentions had been misunderstood. It was more than foolish for a man to risk his life for a hysterical lady's pet dog.

Another workman in Brooklyn played a better part. A cry of "Horse run away!" was raised while he was chatting with a friend. A frightened horse was tearing up the street with a wagon behind him, but no driver. Directly in his track was a baby carriage with a sleeping child. The nurse, who had been wheeling the carriage across the street, had been frightened by the outcries of bystanders, and deserting her charge had fled to the sidewalk.

The workman did not hesitate. Springing forward, he caught the animal by the bridle and stopped the horse barely in time to save the child's life. The horse, revolting against capture, reared and made a plunge for liberty. The bridle broke in the workman's hands, and he fell under the horse's feet. In a moment he was trampled to death.

This workman had a wife and children dependent upon him. He undertook a most hazardous feat in attempting to stop the horse by the bridle ends in front of the baby carriage. But although he lost his life and brought calamity upon his household he exhibited singular unselfishness and fortitude. The sight of the sleeping child exposed to a horrible death set his warm heart beating, and generously and impulsively he did the only thing that could have been done for the child's rescue.

That was better than a useless sacrifice of life for a puppy. It was nobler than voluntary suicide with the admiral, who feared a court marshal's probable brand of murderer more than he feared death. Unless self sacrifice have adequate motive and justification for the risks, it becomes a sentimental vagary involving senseless waste of life.—Youth's Companion.

A Model Salesman.

There was an etching hanging in the window of a Broadway store, and in front there was a young woman looking at it admiringly. By and by she went in and asked the clerk who seemed to be in charge of the picture department to show it to her.

"Do you want to buy it?" inquired that gentleman, sharpening a pencil as he spoke.

"I want to see it," replied the young woman with surprise, but commendable firmness.

"Well," drawled the clerk, shutting his pocketknife and favoring the customer with his undivided and somewhat insolent attention. "If you want to buy it, I'm willing to take it out of the window. As for seeing it, you can see it perfectly well from the street. I haven't it in stock, and it's a great deal too much trouble to get it out if you ain't going to buy it. If you are, I'm willing to take it down. It's $2."

The young woman was dumb with surprise. Then she said in soft and polite tones:

"You are too kind. I will not trouble you."

And in the mind of the witnesses there arose a question as to just what the province of an attendant in a store was.—New York World.

A College Joke.

As good an example as can be given of the jokes played on new students is the ancient "Pempe" of Winchester college. On the first appearance of a boy in the school a companion will ask him with a kindly air if he has a book called "Pempe Moron Proteron" (Greek for "Send the fool farther"), without which it will be impossible to properly get through his work. Of course he will say "No," and then he will be sent on a wild goose chase from one boy to another in the hopes of obtaining a copy. The game is kept up with great spirit until the older boys are tired of the fun, and then the green lad is referred to one of the masters, who, instead of giving him a volume, as he expects, ends his trouble by explaining to him the joke of "Pempe."—London Tit-Bits.

Wonders In Penmanship.

The renowned Dr. Heylin in his "Life of King Charles" relates the following extraordinary story of the artistic ability of an old time knight of the pen: "In the time of the reign of Queen Elizabeth one Royer wrote the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Pater Noster, the queen's name and the year of our Lord within a space that could be covered with a penny. He gave her majesty a pair of spectacles of his own artificial making, that by the help thereof she did plainly and distinctly discern every letter."—St. Louis Republic.

The Solution.

"Bridget, what was that loud noise I heard in your room last night? Did something fall?"

"Not that I knows on, ma'am. Maybe it's meself ye heard fall asleep. Ye knows I'm a heavy sleeper."—Truth.

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St Pius No 4—P T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 W nthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Daka, C R, 1925 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Benedict No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 359 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Hals ed sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 353 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; A Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 326 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemstoger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 99th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9823 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riely, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, P E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 22nd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 30 W 15th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Cancvin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Elsbernicht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Molbarch; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John C Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Nemes, 78 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson ave.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael L Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieberr; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5312 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3800 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo J Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schuchmann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE—PUBLIC NOtice is hereby given, that by virtue of a decretal order made by and entered of record in the Probate Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, on the 14th day of November, 1893, in the matter of the petition of George F. Hennessy, Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased, against Grace Turner and Minnie Hayes, defendants, I, George B. Hennessy, said administrator, will, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Friday, the 15th day of December, 1893, at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, at No. 57 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois, offer for sale and sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of the said Andrew J. Turner, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, viz: Lot number thirteen (13) of Block numbered three (3) of "Uthe's Addition to Glencoe," being a subdivision of the South East one-quarter (S E ¼) of the South East one-quarter (S E ¼) of Section Seven (7) Township Forty-two (42) North Range Thirteen (13) East of the third Principal Meridian, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts and charges of administration of said estate due and to accrue. Said real estate is subject to the dower right of Grace Turner, widow of said deceased. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale is confirmed by the Probate Court.

Chicago, November 16, 1893.
GEORGE B. HENNESSY,
Administrator of the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased.
W. J. Carey, Attorney.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF GEORGE L. Ritzhaupt, debtor. The undersigned hereby gives notice, that George L. Ritzhaupt, of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, did, on the 13th day of November, A.D. 1893, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said George L. Ritzhaupt are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Rooms 25 and 27, 81 S. Clark-st., in said County, within three months from this date.

Dated Nov. 18, 1893.
AUGUST METTE, Assignee.
John McKeough, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JOHN REYNOLDS, DECEASed.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A.D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 13, 1893.
PATRICK J. McCARTHY,
Administrator of said estate.
David Sullivan, Attorney for said estate.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 69 DEARBORN-ST. CHICAGO.

ESTATE OF JOACHIM KRAATZ, DEceased—All persons having claims against the estate of Joachim Kraatz, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 28, 1893.
WILHELMINA KRAATZ,
Administratrix.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOM 19, 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET HANLEY, DEceased—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Hanley, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A.D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 16, 1893.
WILLIAM HANLEY, Administrator.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

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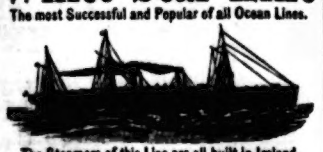

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